ESCAPIST LARKS WITH CONVICT 4321 OUTT INSIDE!

BUSTER

7d

EVERY MONDAY

Australia 10 cents ; New Zealand 10 cents; S. Africa 10 cents; Rhodesia 10 cents; E. Africa 1·00 cents; West Africa 1/-; Malaysia 40 cents; Malta 9d.; Eire 10d.

12th SEPTEMBER, 1970

BUSTER'S DREAM-WORLD

I'VE LOST A PARCEL IN THE POST!

THE SORTING OFFICE WILL SORT YOU OUT, SIR — AND KEEP YOU POSTED!

IT'S BEEN DELIVERED AT EVERY OTHER ADDRESS AND RETURNED, SO IT MUST BE YOURS!

COO! I WONDER WHAT IT CAN BE?

HELLO, AMIGO! IS THIS MEXICO CITY? I COULDN'T AFFORD THE FARE, SO I POSTED MYSELF CHEAP PARCEL RATE! I'M HERE FOR THE WORLD CUP!

THAT'S ALL OVER AND DONE WITH, MATE — AND THE CUP'S BEEN WON!

ANOTHER THING, MISTER! YOU'RE STILL IN ENGLAND!

I KNOW SOME BLOKES WHO'LL BE WISHING I WASN'T! I'M OFF TO THE SORTING OFFICE TO SORT THAT LOT OUT!

COO! THAT'S GIVEN ME A SMASHING IDEA FOR GETTING INTO THE RANGERS-v-ROVERS GAME ON SATURDAY, WITHOUT PAYING!

ALL I HAVE TO DO IS HOP ALONG TO THE POST OFFICE, AND GET MYSELF POSTED TO THE GROUND!

SOME CHEEKY RASCAL HAS POSTED THIS PARCEL WITHOUT PUTTING STAMPS ON IT!

BUNG IT OUT THE BACK! SOMEBODY IS SURE TO COME LOOKING FOR IT!

BRING IT BACK HERE, BERT! THIS BLOKE HAS LOST A PARCEL!

THIS PARCEL PROBLEM IS GETTING TO BE A HEADACHE FOR ME!

OWCH!

THIS ISN'T MINE! IT'S NOT ADDRESSED TO ME! I DON'T WANT IT!

IF YOU TAKE IT ROUND TO THE ADDRESS ON IT, YOU MIGHT FIND THAT THEY GOT YOURS BY MISTAKE!

NEITHER DO WE!

I MUST BE OUT OF MY TINY MIND LUGGING THIS LOT ROUND TO THE FOOTBALL GROUND! IT'S OVER ON THE INSIDE BACK PAGE!

© IPC Magazines Ltd., 1970

ONE HUNDRED MILLION POUNDS! THE TWISTER'S DARING VENTURE HAS PAID OFF—AND HOW!

THE TRAIL OF THE TWISTER

Young Sam Piper was trying to trap a strange crook known as The Twister, who had hypnotised a squad of army cadets and was raiding a government banknote factory on the outskirts of London. With his brother Cyril and an eccentric inventor named Dr. Watt, Sam tried to stop the master-crook from printing his own banknotes. But Cyril was still under the hypnotic control of The Twister, and then Sam and Dr. Watt were discovered and attacked by the hypnotised army cadets . . .

WHOOSH!

THEY'RE USING THE TWISTER'S *KNOCK-OUT ICECREAM* ON US, DR. WATT! ***UURGH!*** WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE!

SQUIRT!

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, MY BOY!

THE CONTRAPTION DR. WATT WORE AROUND HIS NECK WAS PACKED WITH SURPRISES...

IT'S LUCKY I STORED A PLASTIC *FACE-MASK* IN MY PORTABLE WORKSHOP! IT WILL ***PROTECT*** ME FROM THE EVIL ICECREAM!

NOW SAM'S INVENTOR FRIEND WAS WEARING A LIFELIKE PROTECTIVE MASK...

GUUUR!

POOR SAM IS *UNCONSCIOUS* ALREADY! I MUST *PRETEND* TO BE OVERCOME BY THE ICECREAM, SO THAT I CAN ***OUTWIT*** THE TWISTER LATER...!

THE TWISTER RUBBED HIS HANDS...

WELL DONE, MY LITTLE SOLDIER-BOYS! DRAG THOSE TWO INTERFERING FOOLS ASIDE! I MUST SEE HOW ***THE CRIME OF THE CENTURY*** IS GETTING ON!

THE PRINTING MACHINE WAS POURING OUT BRAND NEW FIVE POUND NOTES...

WE'VE PRINTED ***FIFTY MILLION POUNDS*** IN BANKNOTES SO FAR, TWISTER!

HA-HA-HEEEE! WE'LL STOP WHEN WE'VE REACHED ***ONE HUNDRED MILLION!*** WE MUSTN'T BE *GREEDY!*

WHAT A GENIUS I AM! ONE LIGHTNING STRIKE WITH MY HYPNOTISED HENCHMEN... AND I HAVE MADE MYSELF ***THE RICHEST MAN ON EARTH!***

THE DOPED PRINTERS WERE GAMBOLLING HAPPILY ABOUT THE WORKSHOP...

GOODY GUM DROPS! LET'S HAVE A **PAPER CHASE!**

TRA-LA-LA!

HAW! THE PRINTERS ARE STILL UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THAT *INSTANT JOY* ICE CREAM I FED TO THEM!

THAT'S IT, SOLDIER-BOYS-STACK THE LOOT IN MY VAN! THE FACTORY GUARDS WON'T RECOVER CONSCIOUSNESS UNTIL *WE'VE GONE!* AND NOW I SHALL **DEAL WITH** SAM PIPER AND DR. WATT!

MY WRISTS ARE *BOUND*... BUT I CAN STILL ACTIVATE THE *MECHANICAL ARM* IN MY PORTABLE WORKSHOP!

AND I'LL USE IT TO *PICK THE TWISTER'S POCKET!*

THE TIME HAD COME FOR DR. WATT TO MOVE...

I'LL MAKE SURE THE FOOLS ARE STILL *SENSELESS!* THEY'VE CAUSED ME *ENOUGH TROUBLE!*

AND NOW I'M GOING TO CAUSE YOU MORE TROUBLE, MY FRIEND!

DR. WATT RETRACTED THE MECHANICAL ARM WITH HIS PRIZE CLUTCHED IN ITS STEEL FINGERS...

WHAT HAVE WE *HERE?* AHA - THE TWISTER'S *REMOTE CONTROL HYPNOSIS TRANSMITTER!*

WHEEL THE TWO OF THEM *OUT TO MY VAN*, MINIONS!

WE'LL TAKE THEM TO MY SECRET HEADQUARTERS - AND *DISPOSE* OF THEM ... **ONCE AND FOR ALL!**

WITH THIS TRANSMITTER, THE TWISTER CAN PASS *HYPNOTIC ORDERS* TO SAM'S YOUNG BROTHER, CYRIL! AND ANYTHING THE TWISTER CAN DO - **I CAN DO BETTER!**

DR. WATT WHISPERED INTO THE MINIATURE TRANSMITTER...

CYRIL PIPER! DO YOU **HEAR** ME? I AM SPEAKING TO YOU THROUGH THE *ELECTRODE* WHICH THE TWISTER PLANTED ON YOU TO RECEIVE HIS REMOTE-CONTROLLED **HYPNOTIC ORDERS!**

CYRIL HAD BEEN LEFT *BEHIND* IN THE FACTORY GUARDHOUSE, FROM WHICH HIS BROTHER AND DR. WATT HAD BROKEN OUT EARLIER...

THIS IS **DR. WATT** GIVING THE ORDERS, CYRIL! FIRST ... *GET UP AND WALK OUT OF THE DOOR!*

UHH! MY HEAD'S BUZZING AGAIN ... I MUST *OBEY!*

WHEN YOU GET OUTSIDE THE GUARDHOUSE, CYRIL - YOU WILL SEE THE TWISTER'S VAN PARKED IN THE FACTORY YARD! MAKE SURE NO ONE SEES YOU!

CYRIL PIPER SIDLED OUT OF THE GUARDHOUSE, OBEYING DR. WATT'S HYPNOTIC ORDERS...

NOW, CYRIL... YOU ARE GOING TO HELP ME AND YOUR BROTHER **ESCAPE FROM THE TWISTER!**

DUMP SAM PIPER AND DR. WATT *INSIDE* MY VAN, MINIONS!

THE TABLES HAVE BEEN TURNED DRAMATICALLY! DON'T MISS THE NEXT ALL-ACTION INSTALMENT!

THE RENT-A-GHOST BOSS SLIPS UP WHEN HE SENDS THE SPOOKS TO SCHOOL — THAT'LL TEACH HIM!

RENT-A-GHOST Ltd.

YOUR GHOST THAT I HIRED DIDN'T DO ANYTHING FRIGHTENING! I WANT MY MONEY BACK!

ODS BODS! MY CLIENTS ARE GETTING DISSATISFIED WITH MY GHOSTS!

COMPLAINT YOUR GHOST WAS NO GOOD

COMPLAINT YOUR SPOOK WAS A FLOP..

RENT-A-GHOST LTD

YOU LOT ARE USELESS! YOU'RE GETTING TOO SLACK! YOU COULDN'T FRIGHTEN A NERVOUS MOUSE THESE DAYS!

STAFF ROOM

COMPLAINT

Zzz

DOZE!

YAWN!

SNORE!

MY GHOSTS ARE SLACK! COULD YOU BUCK THEM UP, PROFESSOR?

PROF. SPOOK'S SCHOOL OF HAUNTING

SEND THEM ALONG! I'LL GIVE THEM A REFRESHER COURSE IN FRIGHTFUL HAUNTING!

SO...

THE PROFESSOR WILL BUCK YOUR IDEAS UP! I SHALL EXPECT TO SEE STARTLING RESULTS WHEN YOU RETURN!

PROF. SPOOK'S SCHOOL

LATER...

AHA! CUSTOMERS!

RENT-A-GHOST LTD

WAIT THERE, PLEASE! MY SPOOKS WILL SOON BE RETURNING! THEN YOU CAN CHOOSE WHICH YOU LIKE..!

WAITING ROOM

BUT...

YEEEEAAGH!

HOWL! GROAN!

WHOOOOOO°

BOO!

HELP! I'M SCARED!

I'M OFF!

MOAN!

WE FEEL REFRESHED AFTER OUR REFRESHER COURSE! WHAT DID YOU THINK OF OUR FRIGHTENING ACT, BOSS?

TOO GOOD! IT'S FRIGHTENED OFF OUR CLIENTS!

EMPLOYMENT EXCHANGE

WE'RE BROKE! THE HAUNTING BUSINESS IS NOT SO GOOD! HAVE YOU GOT ANY PART-TIME JOBS FOR THIS LOT?

YEEK! THEY CAN HAVE MINE!

YOU'RE SURE TO DETECT MORE THAN A SUSPICION OF FUN IN THE NEXT STORY OF A GHOSTLY BOBBY!

BUSTER Giggles

POCKET-MONEY PRIZES TO BE WON EVERY WEEK!

£1

FOR THE SENDER OF EACH JOKE PUBLISHED

HOW TO ENTER:

Send your jokes on a postcard to:

**"BUSTER Giggles",
FLEETWAY HOUSE,
FARRINGDON ST.,
LONDON, EC4 A4AD**

(When similar jokes are received, the first one to be judged will be awarded the prize.)

MY THREE FAVOURITE FEATURES ARE:

1.....

2.....

3.....

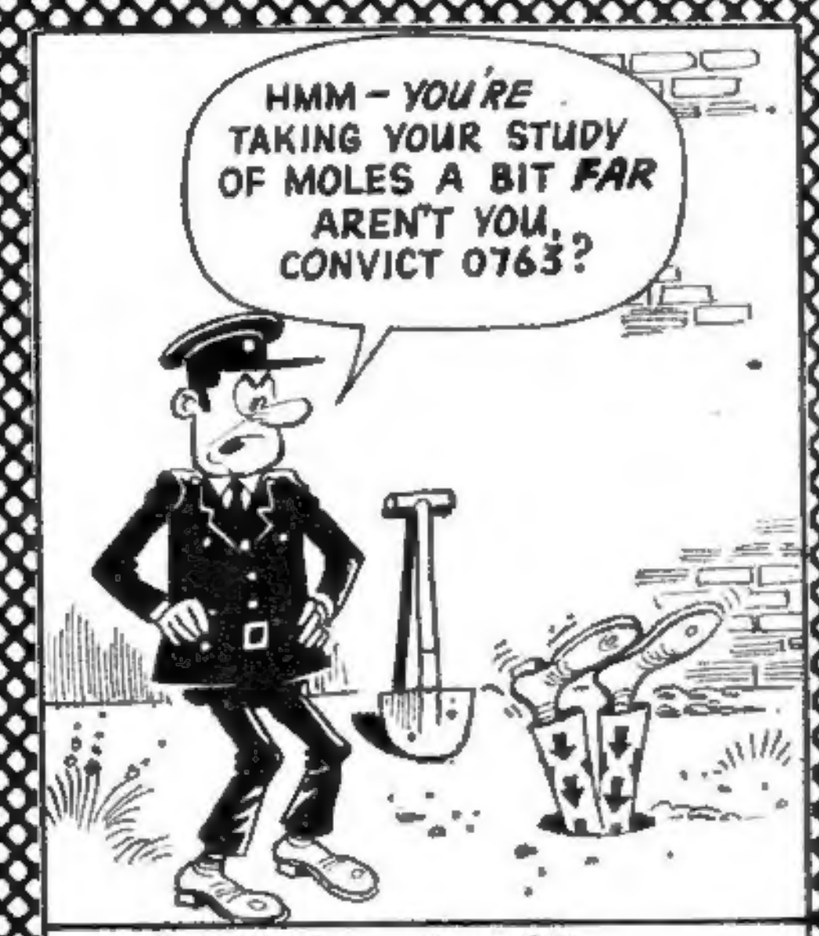
PLEASE FILL IN THE COUPON ABOVE AND PASTE IT TO YOUR POSTCARD.

A. BARLOW, GREAT BAR.

R. LAITY, CAMBORNE.

C. CHUBB, SHREWSBURY.

A READER, BRISTOL.



V. RUSSELL, OMAGH.

A. DAVIES, KIDDERMINSTER.

WITHOUT NATHAN'S ENCOURAGEMENT, CYRIL WAS GOING ALL TO PIECES!

THE WIZARD OF FOOTBALL

Cyril Clarkson was a terrible footballer until he met Nathan Flintlock, a strange old ex-actor who had a gift for coaching players. They joined Poorford Town FC and then Nathan, who was manager, signed on a new youngster, Peter Pussyfoot—as centre-forward . . .

IF YOU'RE MAKING HIM THE CLUB *CENTRE-FORWARD*, MR. FLINTLOCK... WHAT HAPPENS TO *ME*? THAT'S *MY* POSITION!

YOU WILL BECOME A *WINGER*, CYRIL! BRILLIANT RUNS... BODY-SWERVES... SUPER CENTRES THAT PETER PUSSYFOOT WILL KNOCK IN WITH BOOT OR HEAD! YOU WON'T BE *LEFT OUT!*

BUT, IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED...

PERFECTION, PUSSYFOOT! A *CLASSIC GOAL!* SUCH POWER.. SUCH GRACE.. SUCH *IMMACULATE CONTROL* AND *STYLE!* THE *MANTLE OF GREATNESS* WILL SURELY *DESCEND UPON YOU!*

TA VERY *MUCH*, I'M SURE!

THWUMP

MR. FLINTLOCK DOESN'T TAKE ANY INTEREST IN ME *AT ALL* NOW.. HE'S *ALWAYS* COACHING PETER!

AND CYRIL'S PLAY BEGAN TO GET WORSE...

COR, YOU'RE *EASY MEAT*, CYRIL! I DON'T EVEN HAVE TO TACKLE YOU... JUST WAIT UNTIL YOU *FALL OVER YOUR OWN FEET!*

THUNK!

HE'S *RIGHT*... I'M PLAYING LIKE A RIGHT *NINNY!*

AND THE HIGH CROSS FROM THE WING THAT CYRIL WAS SUPPOSED TO PUT OVER FOR PETER PUSSYFOOT...

WHAT'S THE USE OF *THAT?* I CAN'T SCORE GOALS IF THAT LONG PIECE OF STRING KEEPS KICKING 'EM *BEHIND!*

FORGIVE ME, CYRIL... BUT THAT'S A *LOAD OF OLD RUBBISH!* YOU CAN DO *BETTER* THAN THAT, LAD!

BOMFF!

THEY JUST KEEP ON *GETTING AT ME*, THAT'S ALL!

WILL SOMEONE ELSE KINDLY TAKE THE CORNER KICKS, PLEASE? CYRIL, YOU'D BETTER GO OFF AND HAVE A REST! I FEAR YOU ARE BECOMING *STALE!*

I'VE *HAD IT!* I'M NO USE NOW THAT MR. FLINTLOCK'S STOPPED *COACHING ME..!*

ON SATURDAY MORNING, BEFORE POORFORD TOWN'S FIRST LEAGUE GAME IN THE SECOND DIVISION...

'TIS A *SAD DAY*... AND IT GRIEVES ME GREATLY TO DO THIS! BUT I MUST *HARDEN MY HEART*... *STEEL MY NERVES*... AND DO WHAT'S *BEST* FOR THE TEAM..!

POORFORD TOWN FOOTBALL CLUB

The First Team is unchanged, with the exception of CYRIL CLARKSON who will be SUBSTITUTE. PETER PUSSYFOOT plays CENTRE-FORWARD. Nathan Flintlock manager

CYRIL TOOK THE NEWS BADLY! *DROPPED!* MR. FLINTLOCK SAID I'D BE A STAR... BUT NOW HE'S *DROPPED ME!* I'M NOT *GOOD* ENOUGH... *FINISHED...!*

AT THE KICK-OFF... AND NOW TO SEE PETER PUSSYFOOT *MAKE HIS DEBUT!* IF THAT LAD DOESN'T GRAB A HATFUL OF GOALS.. I'LL *EAT MY CLOAK!*

HE HASN'T EVEN SAID HE'S SORRY HE *DROPPED* ME!

PETER PUSSYFOOT HAD A *GREAT GAME!*

THACK!

GO-A-A-ALLL!

THE NEW BOY'S *SCORED!*

WHAT A *CRACKING HEADER!*

TEN MINUTES LATER...

IT'S *THERE!* ANOTHER ONE FOR PUSSY-FOOT!

OLD FLINTLOCK'S FOUND A *NEW STAR!*

BOOM!

POORFORD TOWN COULD GET PROMOTION TO THE *FIRST DIVISION* WITH THIS LAD IN THE TEAM!

THAT'S IT, LADS!.. GET IT INTO THE *MIDDLE!* GIVE IT TO PUSSYFOOT... HE'LL *THUMP IT INTO THE NET!*

I'M NOT REALLY *NEEDED* AT POORFORD TOWN! THERE'S NO PLACE FOR ME! I-I'LL ASK FOR A *TRANSFER*... MR. FLINTLOCK WILL LET ME GO...!

BUT CYRIL'S FATE WAS NOT SETTLED YET...

COR, *THAT* LOOKS NASTY!

A GOOD TACKLE... BUT HE'S *HURT!*

ARRRGHH!

THUMP!

HE'S GOT A *NASTY BRUISE*, MR. FLINTLOCK! HE'LL HAVE TO COME OFF!

CYRIL- GET *STRIPPED!* YOUR CHANCE IS AT *HAND!*

CHANCE TO DO *WHAT?* SHOW HOW *BADLY* I CAN PLAY?

LEFT BACK? I'VE NEVER PLAYED LEFT BACK IN MY *LIFE!* WHAT'S *UP* WITH MR. FLINT-LOCK?

WHERE SHALL I PLAY, MR. FLINTLOCK? *CENTRE-FORWARD?*

NO, *NO*, DEAR BOY! IT'S A *DEFENDER* WHO HAS COME OFF! YOU TAKE HIS PLACE...AT *LEFT BACK!*

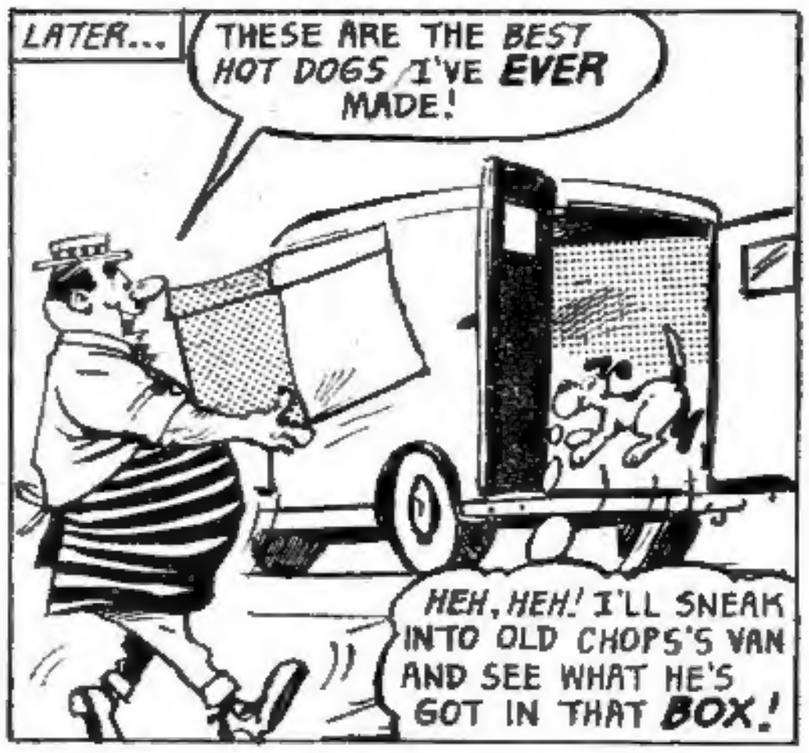
NOW WE'LL KNOW WHAT HE'S *MADE OF!* CAN HE *RISE* TO THIS CHALLENGE CAN HE *FIGHT?* DOES HE HAVE THE *TRUE COURAGE? WE SHALL SEE!* THE CURTAIN RISES ON... *DRAMA!*

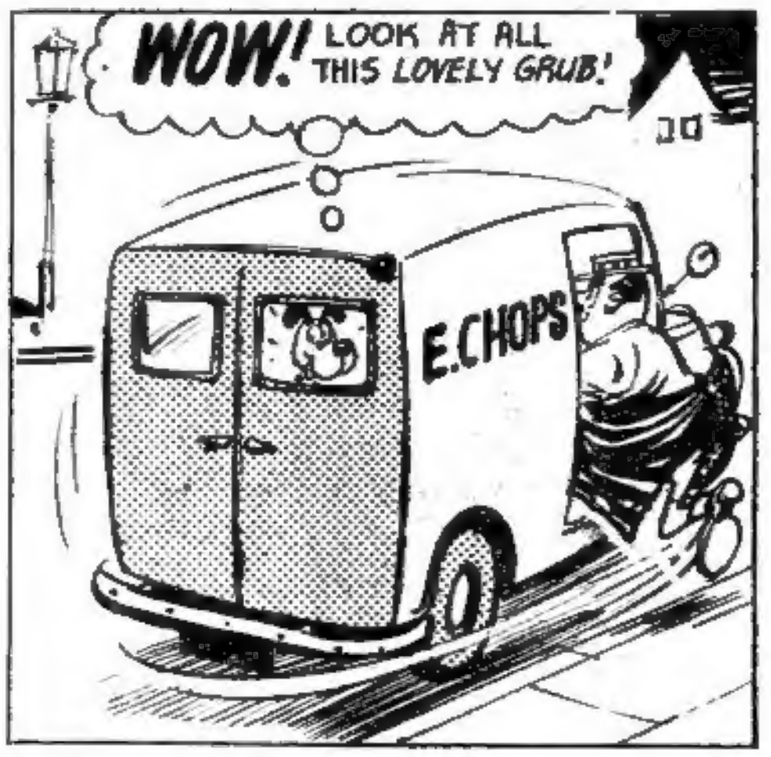
IS NATHAN ASKING TOO MUCH OF CYRIL? DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S EXCITEMENT!

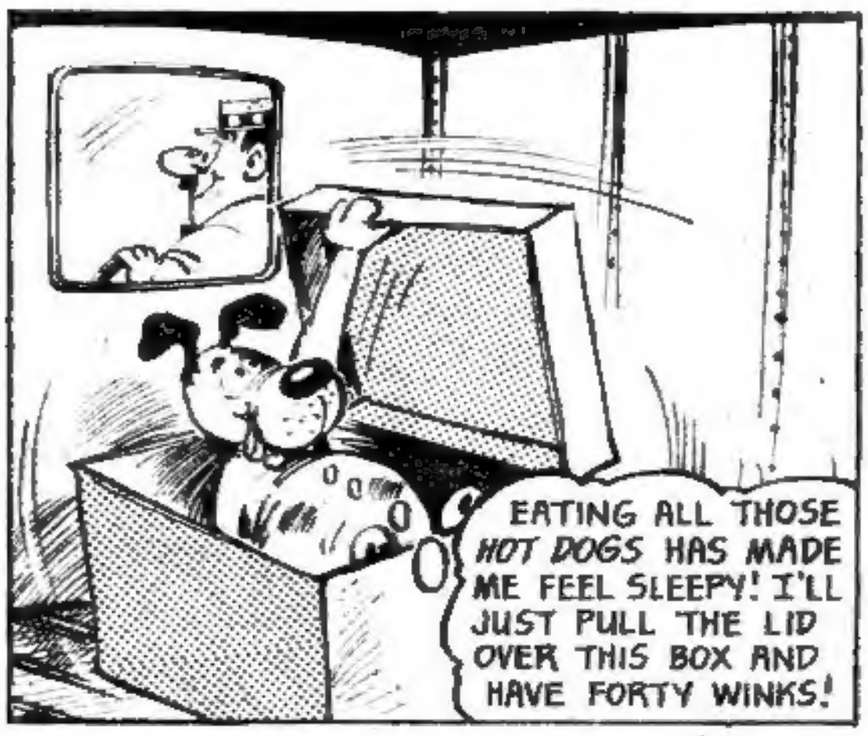
THERE'S A HEATED EXCHANGE WHEN OUR HAPPY HOUND SNAFFLES CHOPS'S HOT DOGS!

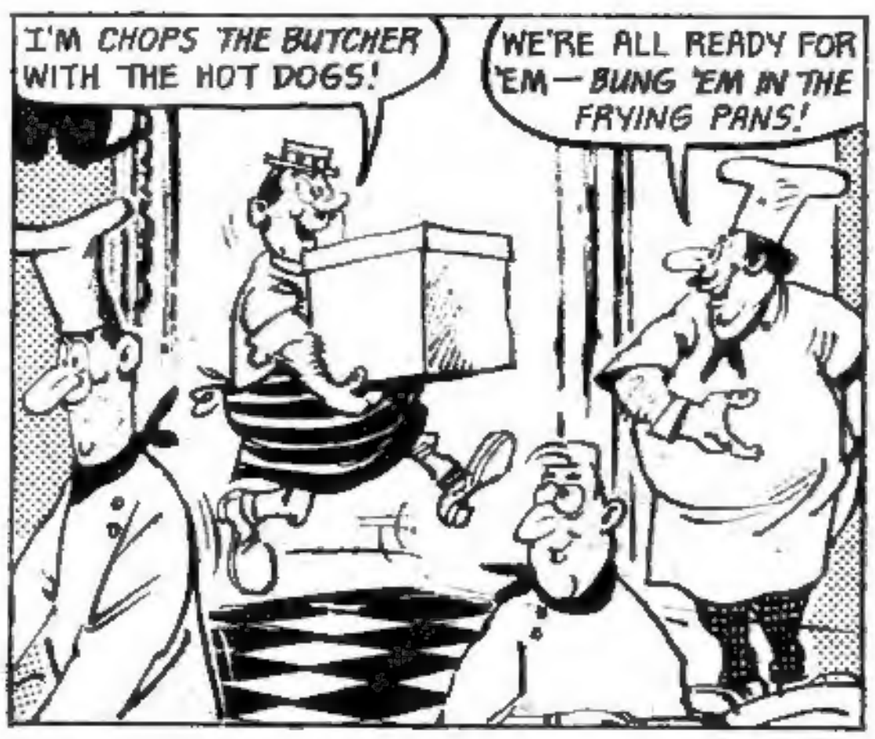
MUTT 'n' CHOPS

The Hungry Hound and his Enemy the Butcher

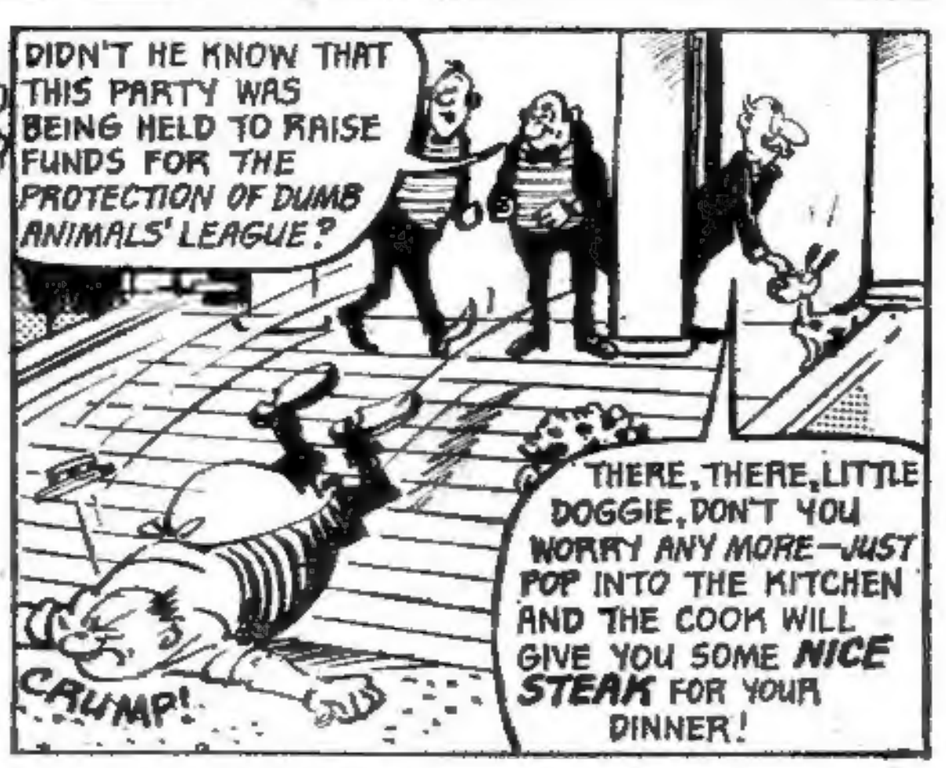








STOP! HOW DARE YOU TRY TO MAKE HOT DOGS OUT OF THIS POOR LITTLE DOGGIE — DROP THAT FRYING PAN AT ONCE!
ER... IT WAS JUST A SLIP OF THE TONGUE, SIR PERCY!


DIDN'T HE KNOW THAT THIS PARTY WAS BEING HELD TO RAISE FUNDS FOR THE PROTECTION OF DUMB ANIMALS' LEAGUE?
CRUMP!
THERE, THERE, LITTLE DOGGIE, DON'T YOU WORRY ANY MORE — JUST POP INTO THE KITCHEN AND THE COOK WILL GIVE YOU SOME NICE STEAK FOR YOUR DINNER!

MORE MEATY MERRIMENT WITH THE ROLLICKING RIVALS NEXT WEEK, CHUMS!

Hello, Mates! BUSTER'S Birthday CLUB

THE SHOW MUST GO ON...

LAD-EES and gen'lmen, it's your old scene-stealing smiler getting in on the act of another curtain-calling cackle-show known the world over as The Buster Club Page! (Pause for applause)!

Yes, pals, I'm proud to introduce this continuous performance of poetic paraphernalia that's sure to play on your fancy. The stage is set for FUN beyond "compere" that needs no prompting to bring the house down in a glittering cascade of gala-style guffaws.

Now a word to any starry-eyed sizzlers who haven't yet undertaken the leading role of a lifetime by joining my troupe of topping tearaways: the spotlight's on you. If you find that boredom is the villain of the piece, then give yourselves over without reservation to the floodlit frolics of Buster's Birthday Club. Life will become "farce" and furious, and you'll find that a place in the ranks of my merry melodramatic mob is the perfect setting for any humour-hungry hero to direct himself towards a grand-finale of giggles! So let nothing stand in your way . . .

You lucky people!

Your award-winning wag, Buster.

GOT A DATE?

27th March, 1958	26th February, 1961
17th December, 1959	9th October, 1962
15th August, 1960	18th June, 1963

LOOK, mates—more dates, and if the exact day, month and year of your birth is among them and providing you sent in to join the Club before **Friday, 28th August,** you can claim any one of the following: **Jigsaw Puzzle, Box of Paints, Box of Handkerchiefs, Wallet of Coloured Pencils, Writing Folder, Fountain Pen.**

Write your choice of prize on a postcard, together with your full name, address and date of birth. Print "BIRTH DATE GAME" in the top left-hand corner (address side) and post to reach the Club not later than **Thursday, 17th September.** Overseas readers have until **28th January, 1971** to reply. Note: Do not send in again if you have previously won an award. Dates are repeated sometimes—but only for the benefit of new members.

More dates next and every week, chums . . . so keep a sharp look-out.

TAKE A BOW!

Pictured on the left is ten-year-old **Anthony Rolfe.** Anthony, who hails from Mitcham, enjoys visiting museums and train spotting. He also likes stamp collecting and reading.

Introducing on the right **Andrea Young,** a merry member whose home is in Kingswinford. Among her hobbies, Andrea lists reading, dancing and knitting.

Jim McConnell is an eight-year-old chum living in Falkirk. He is a great soccer fan, and supports Glasgow Rangers. His other main interest is Model Railways.

Riddle mi ree . . .

WHAT did the owl say to the thunder-storm?—Too wet to whoo! Hoots of laughter from S. Appleyard, Manchester.

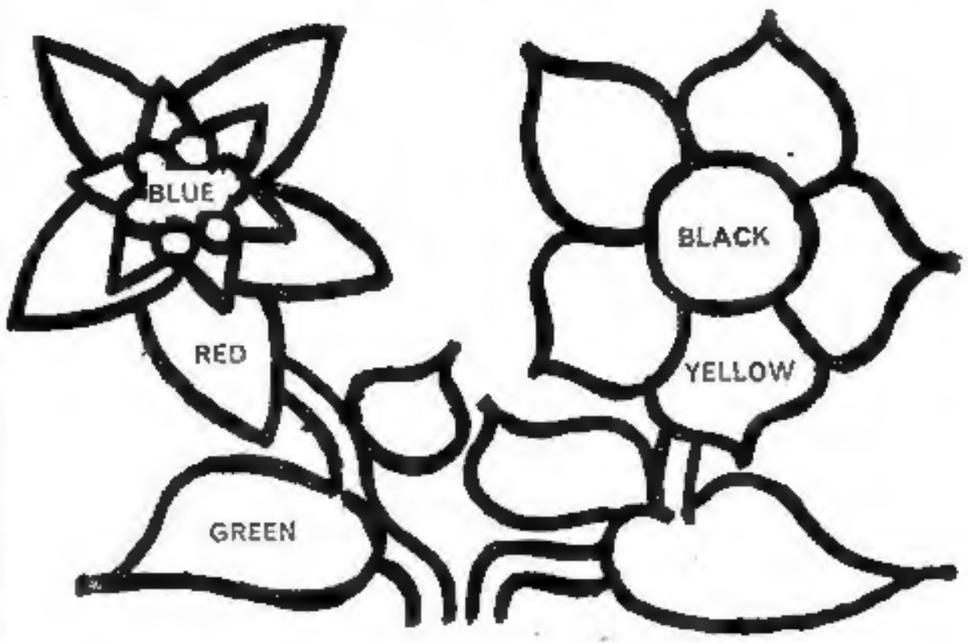
What's the jolliest letter in the alphabet? —The letter "U", 'cos it's always in the middle of FUN! Spelt out by P. Kaur, Bradford.

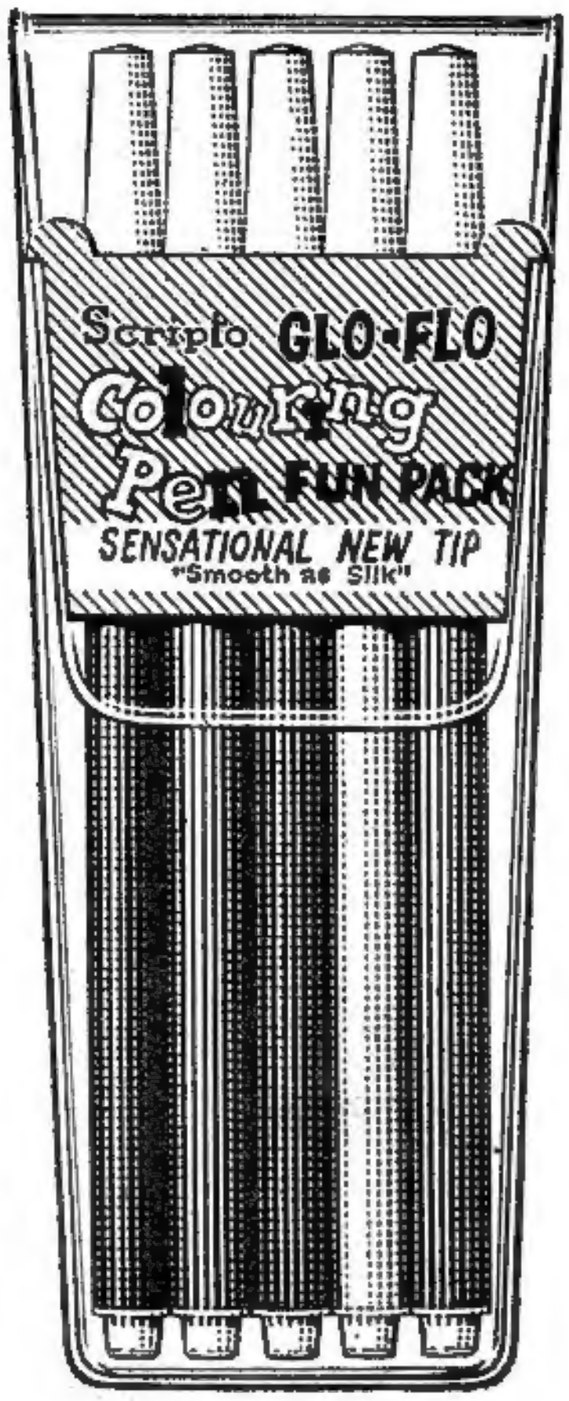
What kind of ball doesn't bounce?—A snowball! Frozen fun from A. Whitehead, Leeds.

What do you call a baby whale?—A little squirt! Whale of a tale from B. and J. McIntyre, Preston.

What do you call a man who looks down rabbit holes?—A "burrow" surveyor! Some hopping humour from P. Kenny, Birmingham.

Colour the spaces





With the fabulous new Scripto Glo-Flo Colouring Pen Fun Pack. You'll see how the big tip fills in as smoothly as water-colour. Perfect for colouring, sketching, drawing, lettering. Choose from ten colours, at 1/6 each or five in a fun pack for only 7/6.

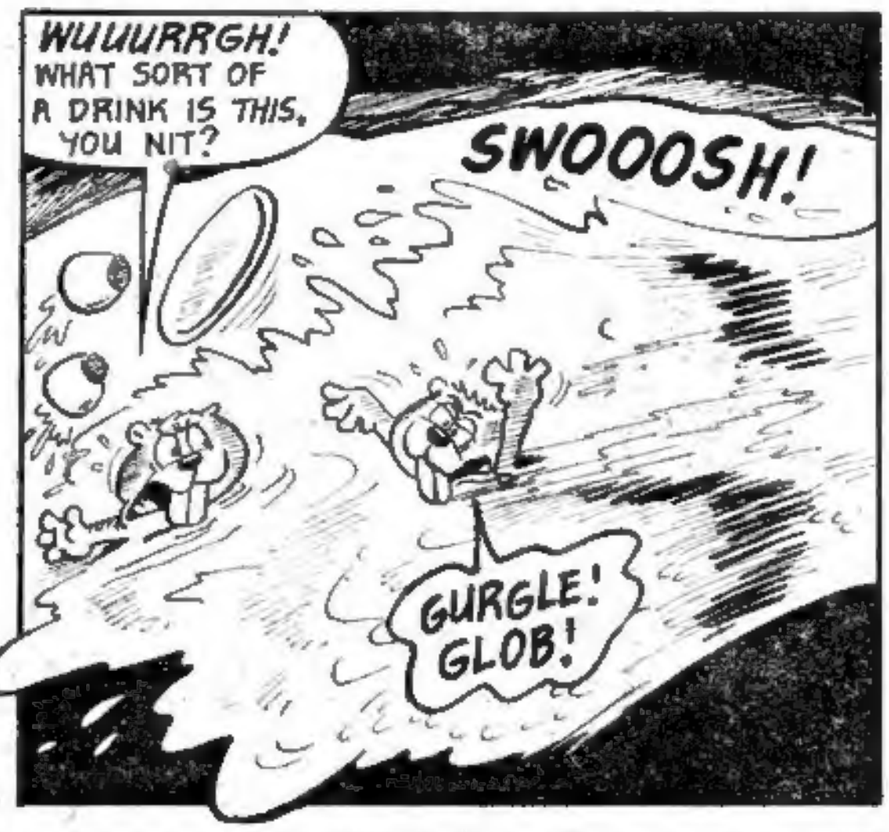
Get your new Scripto Glo-Flo Colouring Pens from your local newsagent or from most leading stationers or department stores.

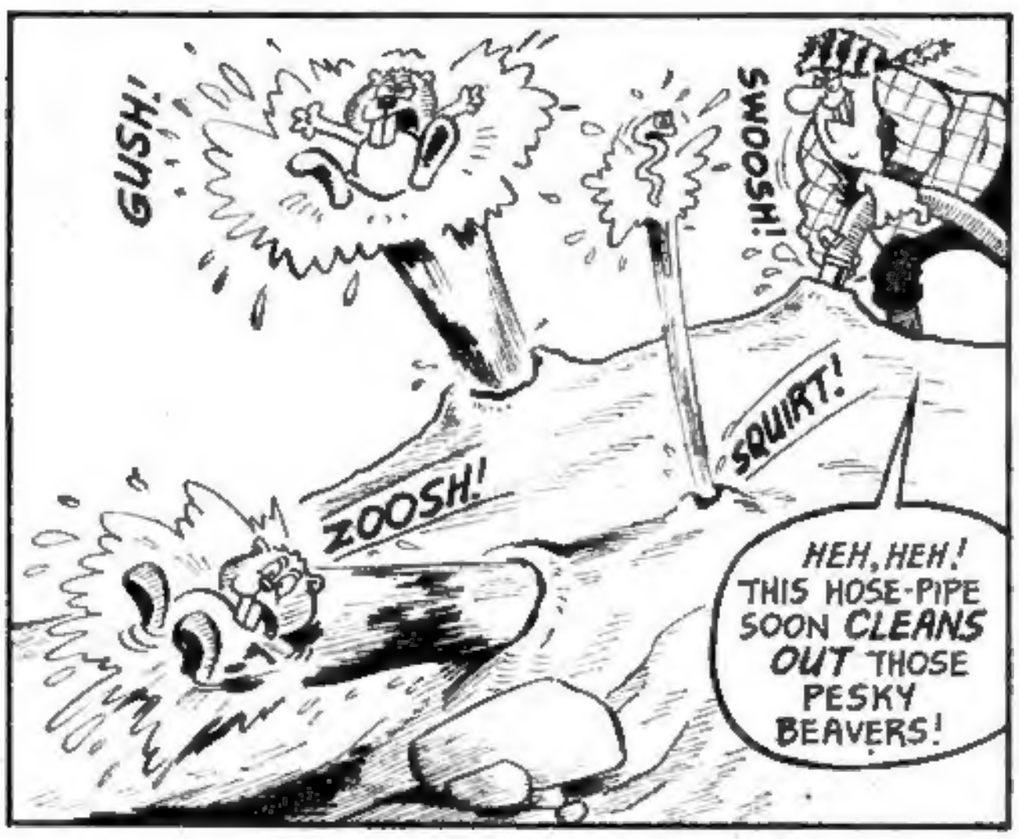
everybody needs a Scripto

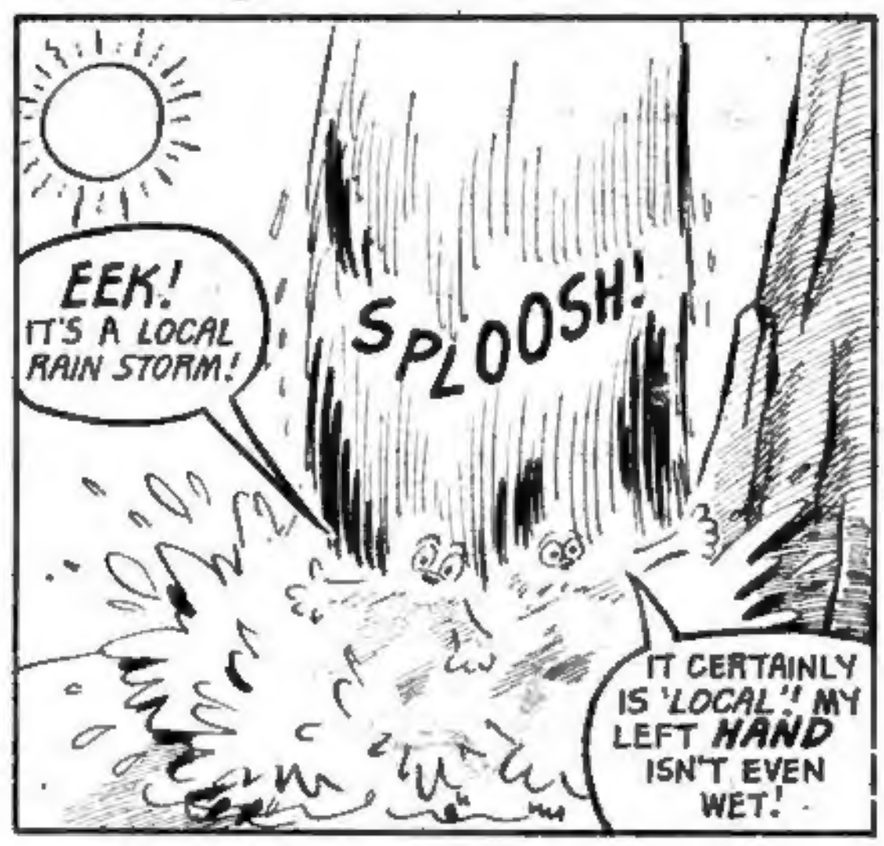
COOK ISLANDS
ANGUILLA
1c
POSTAGE 5/
120 DIFFERENT STAMPS 1/-
Giant collection includes mint set 4 Cayman Island Easter; Grenada Moonshot; Ascension Is. B B C; Anguilla (rebel island) & Cook Is. Christmas issues; Gt. Britain 2/6 and 5/- Castles; 3 Brazil miniatures; Rwanda Napoleon; Hyderabad Victory 1946; Total 120 all different worth 8/- for only 1/- to introduce bargain approvals.
FREE 5 PAINTINGS STAMPS
Send 1/- today
Stole Lot RF75
PLEASE TELL YOUR PARENTS YOU ARE ANSWERING THIS ADVERT
BROADWAY APPROVALS
50 DENMARK HILL · LONDON · S.E.5.

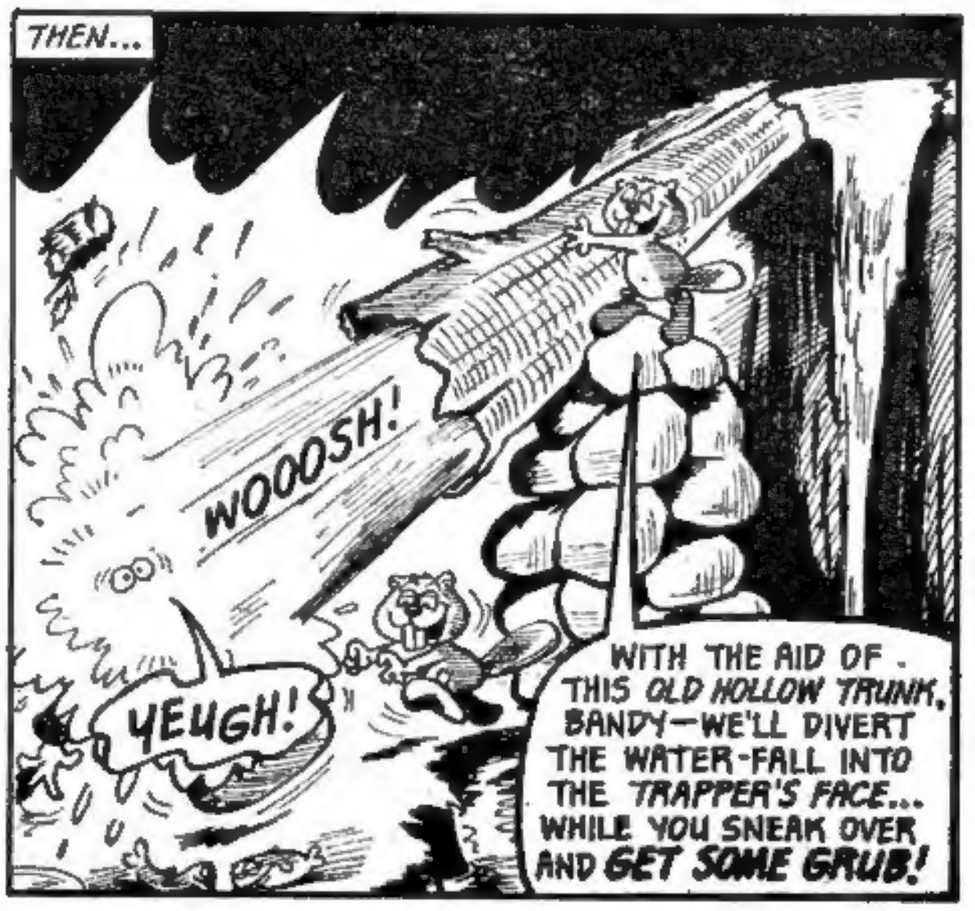
THE TRAPPER OUGHT TO "BE-WEIR" OF CAMPING NEAR A WATERFALL WHEN THE BEAVERS ARE AROUND !

EAGER BEAVERS





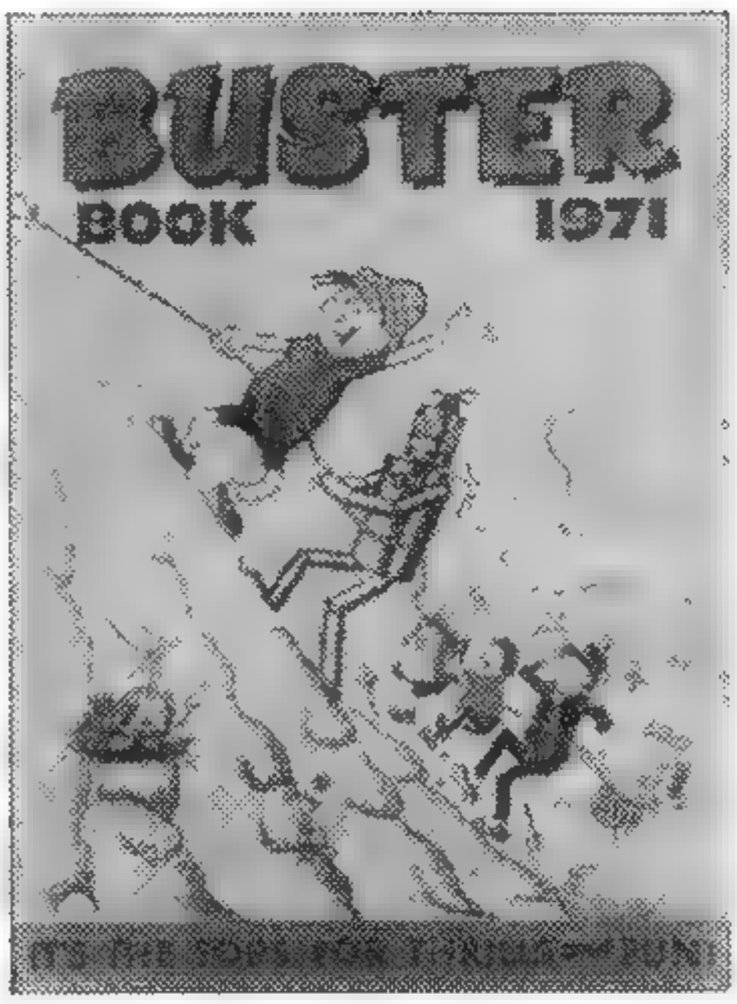



THEN...
WOOOSH!
YEUGH!
WITH THE AID OF THIS OLD HOLLOW TRUNK, BANDY—WE'LL DIVERT THE WATER-FALL INTO THE TRAPPER'S FACE... WHILE YOU SNEAK OVER AND GET SOME GRUB!

THE TRAPPER MAY WELL "SHED" A FEW TEARS WHEN THE BEAVERS DISMANTLE HIS HUT, NEXT WEEK !

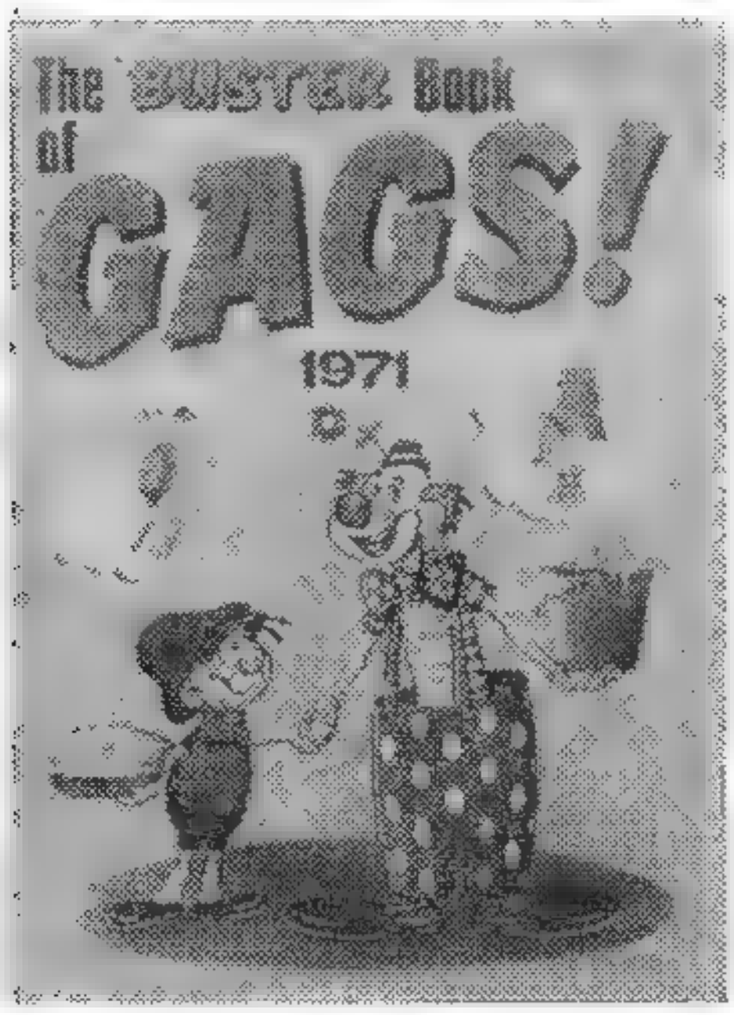
HERE THEY ARE!

TWO WONDERFUL ANNUALS SPECIALLY FOR YOU



BUSTER BOOK 1971

128 pages of fun and thrills and an all-star line-up of BUSTER favourites including: BUSTER'S DREAMWORLD, GALAXUS, THE WIZARD OF FOOTBALL, THE MISERS, THE SKID KIDS, FREDDIE "Parrot-Face" DAVIES. RENT-A-GHOST Ltd., FISHBOY, CHARLIE PEACE, THE HAPPY FAMILY, plus more Comedy, action, puzzles and jokes!



THE BUSTER BOOK OF GAGS! 1971

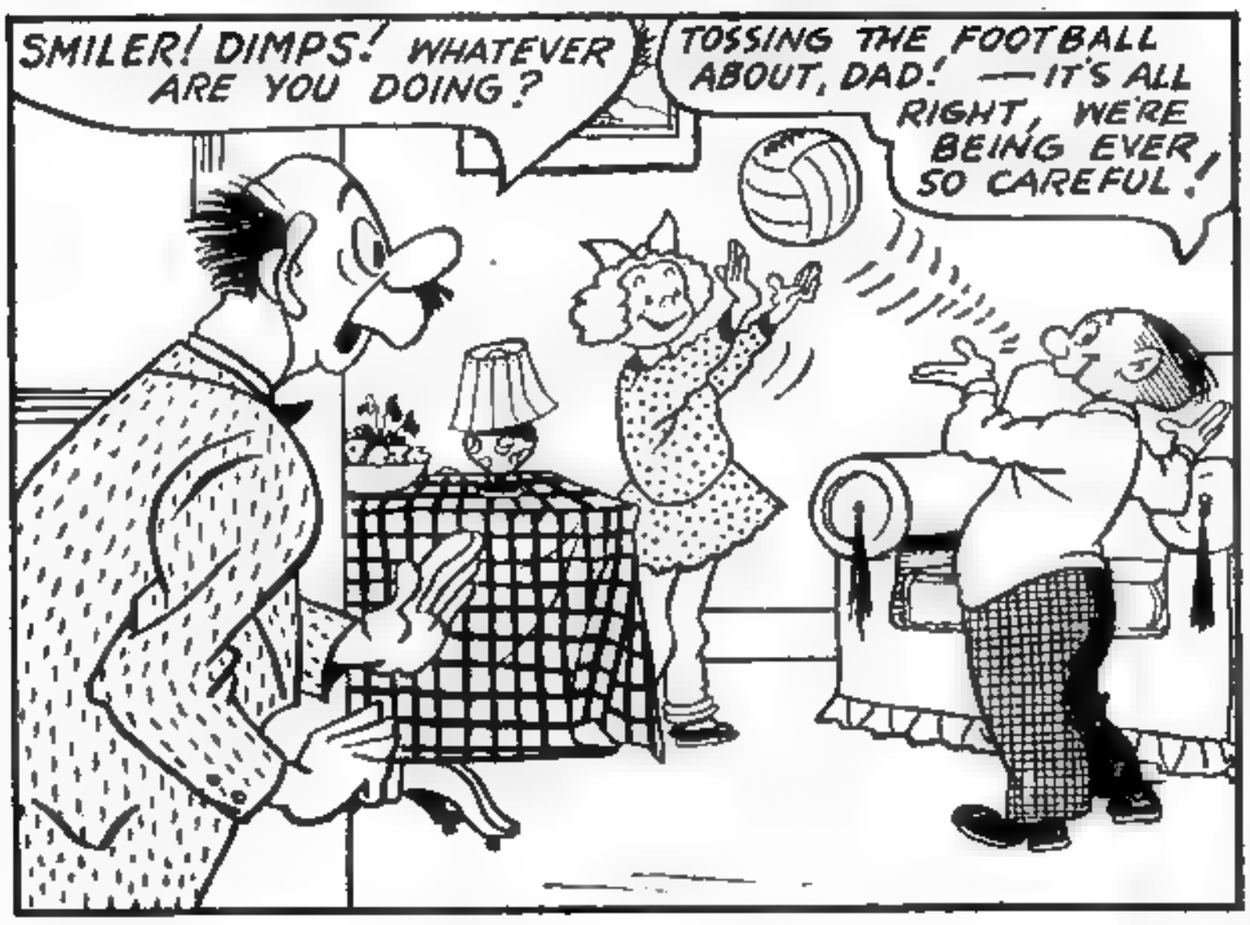
Ha, ha! Hee, hee! Ho, ho! That's a laugh for a start! You'll thoroughly enjoy this bumper fun-book with 128 pages, including hundreds of jokes, pages of cartoons, comic strips, comedy cross-talk, riddles, tricks, odd ads., works of art and MUCH, MUCH, MUCH MORE!

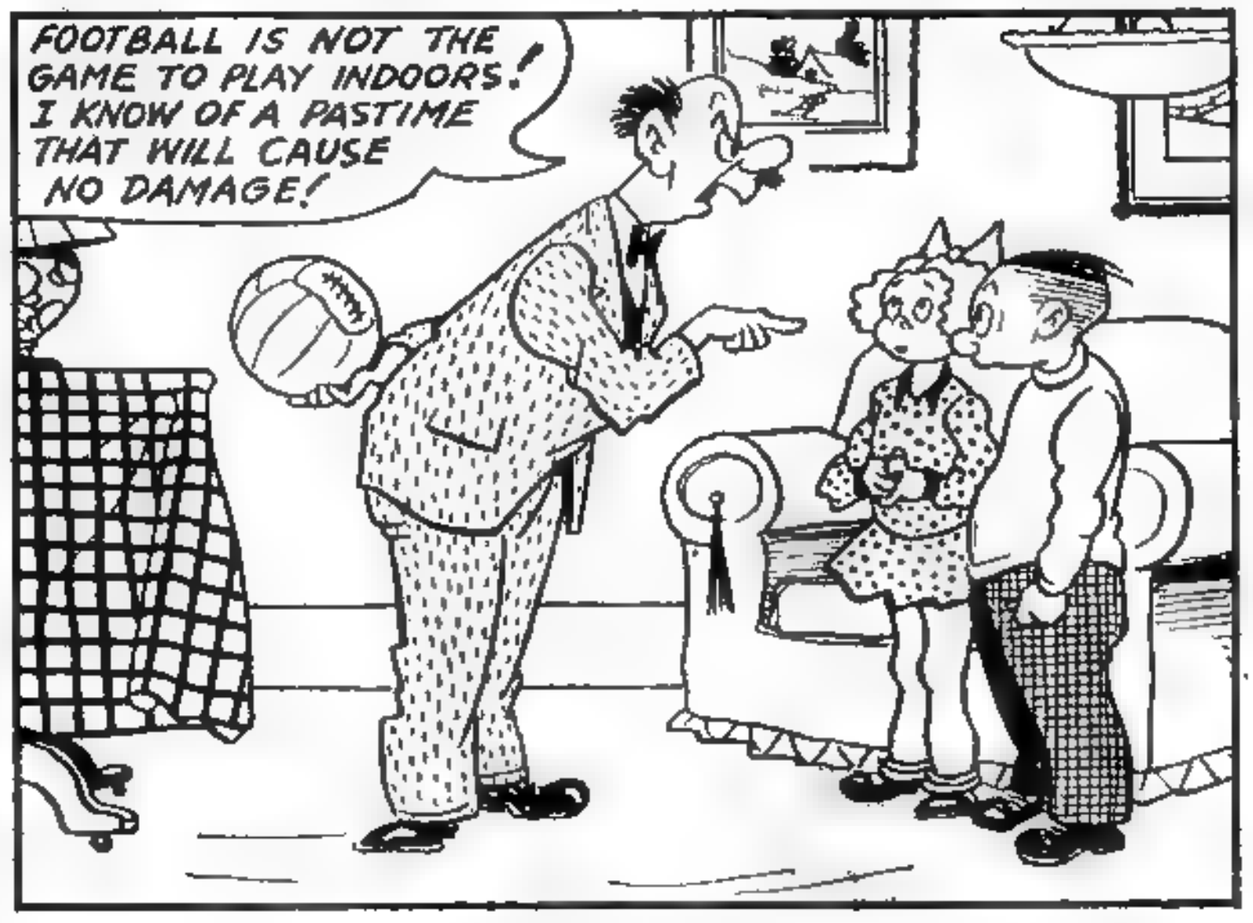
BOTH THESE BOOKS ARE NOW ON SALE

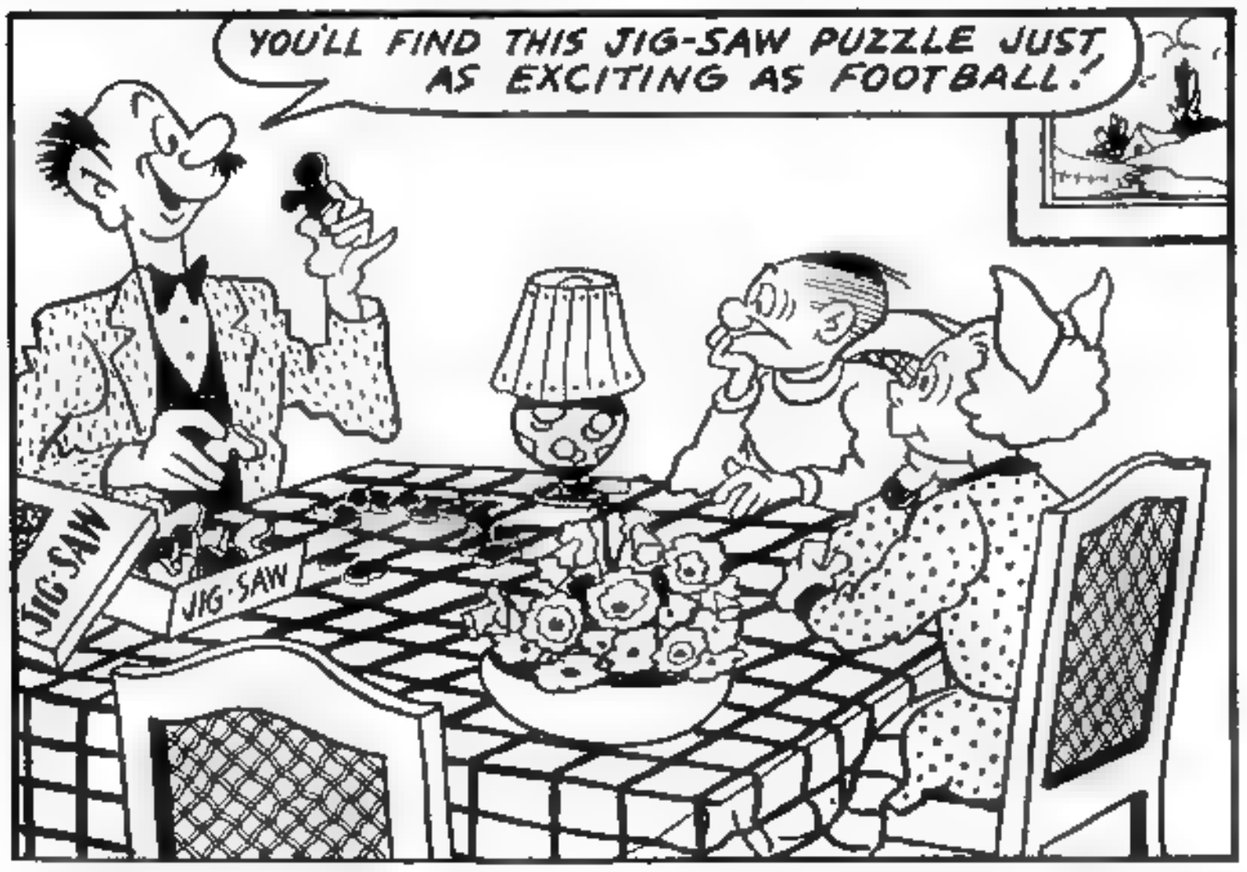
AT NEWSAGENTS AND BOOKSTALLS EVERYWHERE, PRICE 6/6 EACH (applies to U.K. only)

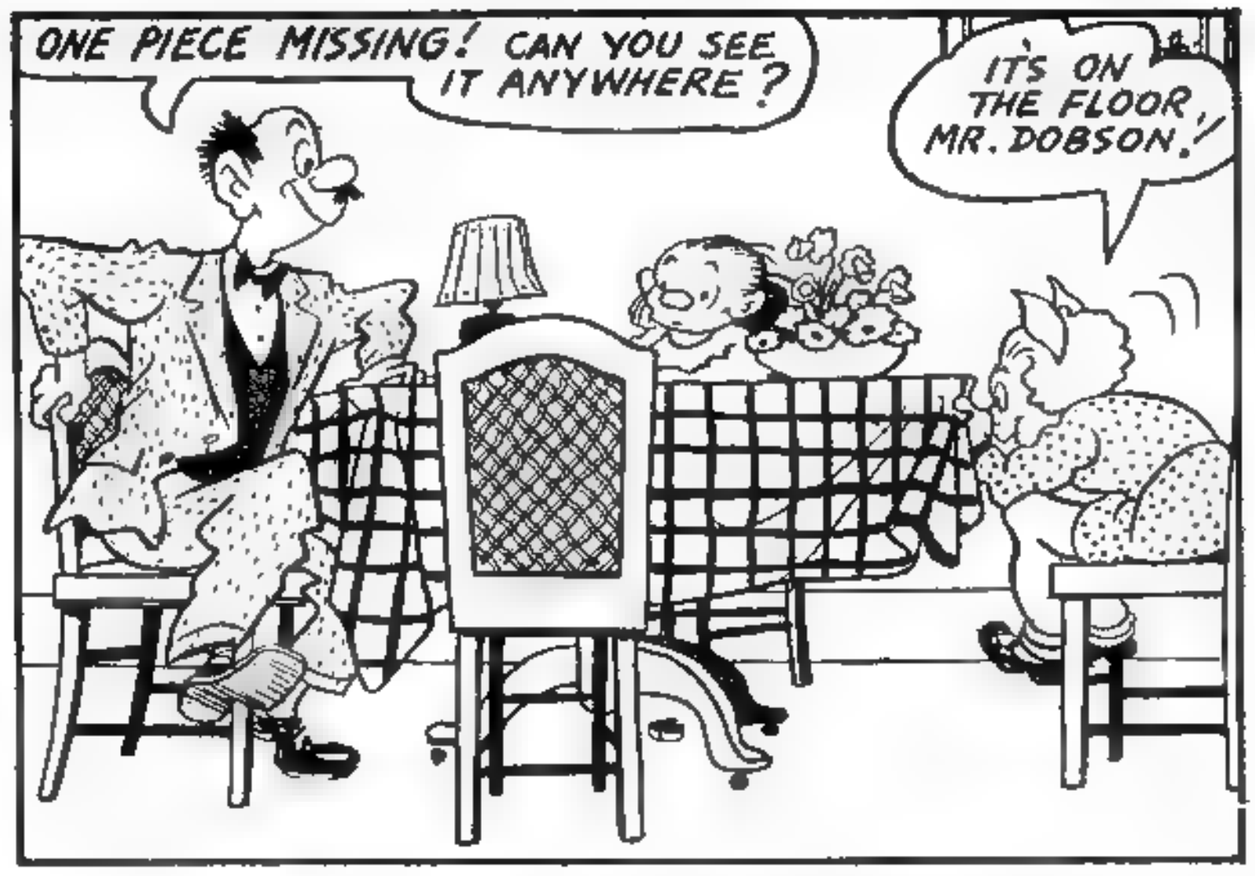
DAD DOBSON CAN'T QUITE PIECE TOGETHER HOW A JIGSAW PUZZLE GETS HIM INTO SUCH A TANGLE!

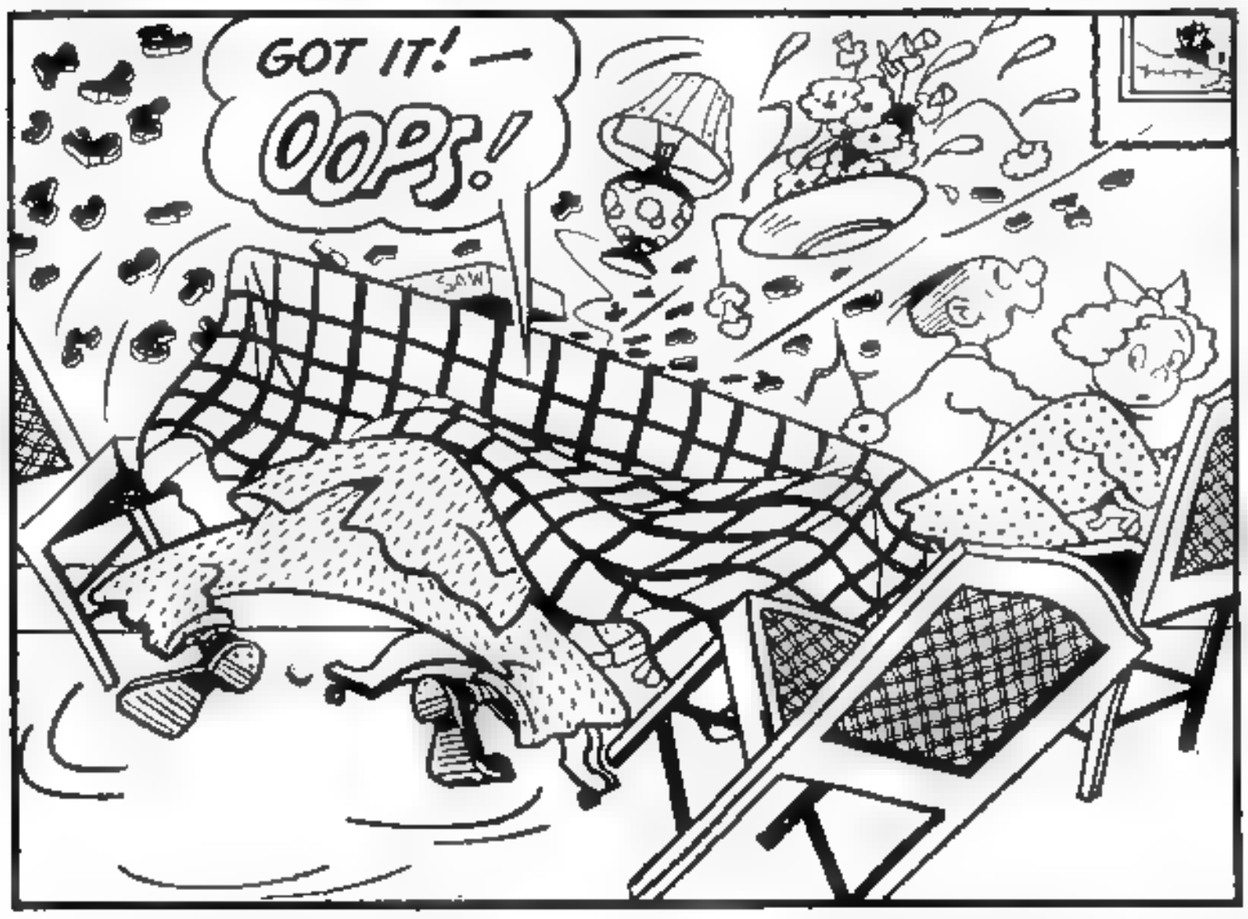
SMILER and DIMPS











MORE DOMESTIC BLISS WITH DIMPS AND THE DOBSONS SOON, MATES!

REACTING INSTINCTIVELY, GALAXUS GREW TO GIANT SIZE—HIS MASSIVE BULK TOWERING OVER THE CITY!

GALAXUS

THE THING FROM OUTER SPACE

A space-creature known as Galaxus had been marooned on Earth, and, although harmless, he was being hunted throughout the world. Having reached Hong Kong, Galaxus was trying to help his only friends—two English boys named Jim and Danny Jones—who had been captured by Chinese thugs. But as the tiny space-creature groped his way along the wall of the room, he accidentally stumbled into a baited mousetrap!

THA-WAAAANG!

GUU-WAAAOOH!

RIP!

OOH...OOH... OOH!

TERRIBLY SHOCKED AND FRIGHTENED, THE GENTLE SPACE-CREATURE REACTED INSTINCTIVELY— AND GREW TO GIANT SIZE!

MUUUUOAH!

KERRASH!

KRUUNCH!

TO THE PEOPLE OF HONG KONG, IT WAS A DEVASTATING, SPINE-CHILLING SIGHT...

HAIEEEE! LOOK YONDER! WHAT IS IT?

A-A GIGANTIC BLACK BEAST! IT-IT HAS SPRUNG FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE EARTH..!

NO! THAT IS THE MONSTER FROM OUTER SPACE! THE BEAST OF DESTRUCTION! I RECOGNISE IT..!

THEN WARN THE AUTHORITIES! GET THE ARMY TO PROTECT US!

CONTINUED OVERLEAF..

AMIDST A BEWILDERING BARRAGE OF SHELL-FIRE, THE SPACE-CREATURE DESPERATELY SOUGHT SHELTER!

MEANWHILE, IN THE REMAINS OF THE HOUSE IN WHICH GALAXUS HAD GROWN TO GIANT SIZE...

I-I KNOW *NOT* WHAT HAS HAPPENED, BROTHER, BUT WE MUST *ESCAPE!* LET US *DRAG* THESE BRATS TO THE WATERFRONT!

RIGHT..!

N-NO! GALAXUS, WE'RE *DOWN HERE! HELP US!*

HEARING DANNY'S SHOUT, THE SPACE-CREATURE WHIRLED...

HUUUH..?

HERE, OLD PAL! *IN THE STREET!*

SCRU-UUMCH

THOK!

SILENCE, BRAT! ONE MORE SHOUT LIKE THAT AND IT WILL BE YOUR *LAST!*

MOVING QUICKLY, THE THUGS DRAGGED THE BOYS OUT OF SIGHT— WHILE, IN A BRITISH ARMY CAMP NEAR THE WATERFRONT...

DOUBLE-UP THERE! GET THAT GUN IN POSITION! AIM FOR THE BRUTE'S *HEAD!*

READY NOW, CAPTAIN!

GOOD! THEN... *FIRRRE!*

BAROOM!

WUMMPF!

WHEEEEE..!

BOOAUUUU!

BOOOM!

OH, MY GOSH— THEY'RE *SHELLING* HIM! NEVER MIND *US*, GALAXUS—*SAVE YOURSELF!*

SILENCE, I SAID! I WON'T WARN YOU *AGAIN..!*

BUT JIM'S FRANTIC WARNING HAD BEEN HEARD—AND, INSTANTLY, GALAXUS BEGAN TO CLIMB THE MOUNTAIN BEHIND HIM...

UUU·UUU·UUU!

KERWUMPF!

NEXT MOMENT, HE WAS POISED FOR A DESPERATE LIFE-OR-DEATH DIVE! THEN...

WAAA-UUUU!

SPPLOO-OOSH!

YEEE-AH! THE BEAST TRIES TO CRUSH US! FLEE...FLEE!

INSTANT PANIC BROKE OUT—BUT POOR GALAXUS WAS ONLY TRYING TO REACH THE OPEN SEA...

HE SCATTERS OUR SAMPANS LIKE LEAVES ON A POND! WE ARE DOOMED!

MUUU-UUU-OOOAH!

REALISING THE PANIC HE WAS CAUSING, GALAXUS DIVED...

SWUUURGLE!

THEN, TWO MINUTES LATER, WHEN HE SURFACED...

OOOFA... OOOFA!

THERE HE IS—IN OPEN WATER! FULL AHEAD BOTH, MR. MATE... WE'LL BLOW THE BRUTE TO SMITHEREENS!

CLOSING FAST, THE DESTROYER FIRED A DEVASTATING BROADSIDE...

BAROOMP!

WUMMPFF!

GRRUUUU-AAAUH!

NEXT MOMENT, AS THE BOYS WERE BEING DRAGGED TO AN UNKNOWN DESTINATION BY THEIR CAPTORS...

HURRAH! BY MY FATHER'S PIGTAIL, WHAT A SIGHT! THE GREAT BEAST IS FINISHED!

YES, IT IS SO! AT LONG LAST, THE WORLD IS RID OF THIS MONSTER FROM BEYOND THE STARS!

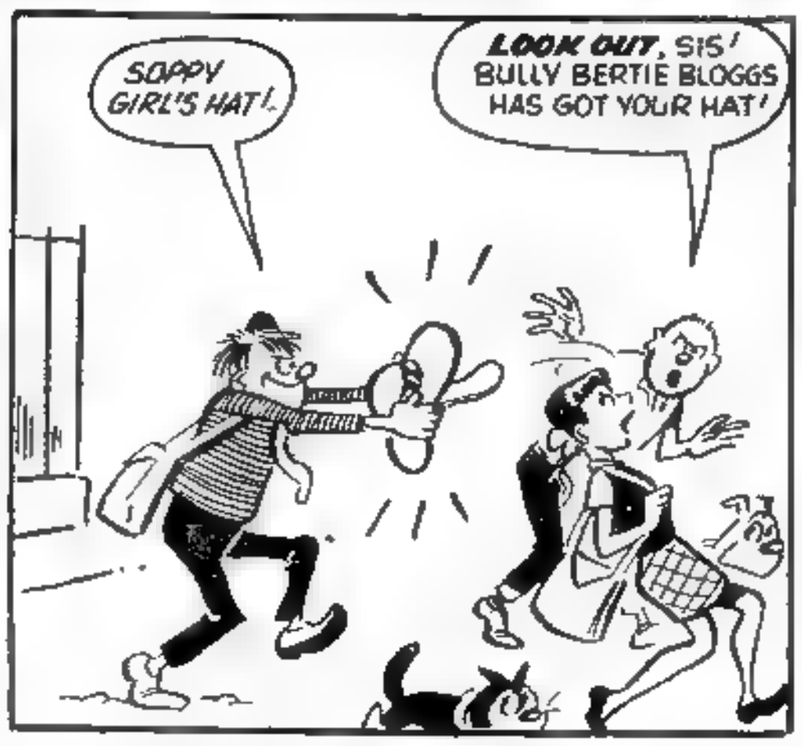
OH, NO...NO! JIM, DID YOU HEAR THAT? WHAT'S HAPPENED TO GALAXUS?

WHAT HAS BECOME OF GALAXUS? NEXT WEEK'S EPISODE PROMISES TO BE A REAL THRILLER!

SPIKE AND FLO ARE ONLY INVITING TROUBLE BY NOT ASKING BULLY BERTIE BLOGGS TO THEIR PARTY !

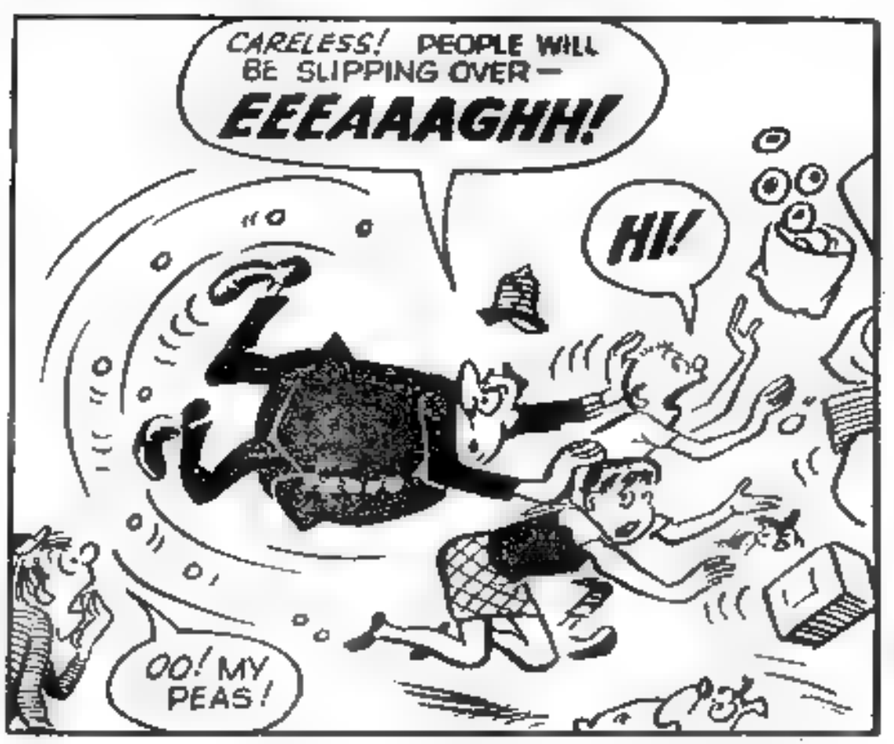
HAPPY FAMILY

CHEERIO, SPIKE AND FLO! SEE YOU AT YOUR PARTY THIS AFTERNOON!
DON'T BE LATE!
BAH! THEY HAVEN'T ASKED ME TO THEIR ROTTEN PARTY!
SCHOOL



YOU DO LOOK FUNNY WEARING FLO'S HAT, SPIKE! NOW GET UP! YOU HAVEN'T ASKED BERTIE TO YOUR PARTY – WOULDN'T HE LIKE TO COME?
YES, MRS HAPPY! I'LL BE ALONG!

LATER...
STORES
I'LL TAKE MY PEA-SHOOTER TO THE PARTY! I'LL HAVE A BIT OF PRACTICE NOW!
WE'VE GOT ALL THE FRUIT AND NUTS FOR THE PARTY, FLO - SO LET'S BE OFF HOME!
PEAS



I SAW WHAT HAPPENED, KIDS! SO I'VE BROUGHT OUR WHEELBARROW! POP ALL THE THINGS INTO IT!
TOOT!
HURRY, UP!
HOOT!
IT WAS YOUR FAULT, BERTIE!

HORN IN ON SOME HUMOUR BY READING NEXT WEEK'S TALE OF THE KIDS' MUSIC LESSONS, PALS !

PA'S COURTING TROUBLE BY NOT GETTING "GROOM-ED" UP FOR A WEDDING!

the MISERS

RING DEM BELLS! COUSIN DOT HAS INVITED US TO HER WEDDING! JUST THINK OF ALL THE FREE GRUB-AND-GUZZLE!
R S V P— WHAT DOES THAT STAND FOR, DAD?
WEDDING INVITATION R.S.V.P

RESERVE A SAUSAGE FOR THE VERGER'S PLATE, I SUPPOSE, SON! ANYWAY, THAT'S HIS PROBLEM!
WEDDING INVITATION R.S.V.P
BUT WHAT ABOUT OUR PROBLEM? WE'VE GOT NOTHING TO WEAR!

A LIKELY STORY! YOU'LL HAVE TO THINK UP A BETTER ONE BEFORE WE GET TO THE STATION, CHUM!
HMM! DAD'S GOING TO ANOTHER RECEPTION! HE WASN'T SO SMART AS HE THOUGHT HE WAS!

THE MISERS ARE DOGGED BY DISASTER WHEN THEY BUY A GREYHOUND, NEXT WEEK!

IN RESPONSE TO FISHBOY'S BURBLED SUMMONS, A GROUP OF GRACEFUL SHARKS GATHERED!

FISHBOY

Denizen of the Deep

Stranded on a desert island as a child, Fishboy developed slightly webbed hands and feet and learned to breathe underwater as easily as a fish. Discovering that his parents were geologists now working in Western Australia, he set out to find them. In New South Wales, he discovered that urgently needed medical supplies couldn't be transported to an oil rig off the coast because of a storm. So Fishboy decided to help—and promptly pushed the boxes of supplies off the quayside into the sea!

ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND, KID? WHAT THE BLUE BLAZES DID YOU DO THAT FOR?

IT IS PART OF FISHBOY'S PLAN! HE WILL TAKE LAND-MEN'S MEDICINES OUT TO RIG!

SMILING, FISHBOY DIVED! BUT...

I DON'T KNOW WHO THAT YOUNGSTER IS, BUT HE'S GOT TO BE STOPPED! GET A COUPLE OF DIVERS OUT HERE— FAST!

RIGHT!

MEANWHILE, AT THE HARBOUR ENTRANCE, FISHBOY WAS CALLING LOUDLY IN THE STRANGE LANGUAGE THAT ALL SEA CREATURES COULD UNDERSTAND...

BLOOBLA

LUBLOP

PLOOP!

MINUTES LATER...

FROOBLE

UGLA

UGLA!

IS GOOD! MANY SPIKE-TOOTHED HUNTERS HAVE ANSWERED FISHBOY'S CALL..!

BUT IT WAS NOT THE SHARKS THEMSELVES THAT FISHBOY WAS INTERESTED IN...ONLY THE STRANGE CREATURES ATTACHED TO THEIR UNDERSIDES!

PLINKLUG

GLOO!

AAAH... ME MUCH PLEASED! THE CHINLESS HITCH-HIKERS OF THE SEA HAVE COME TO FISHBOY'S AID, TOO!

THE WEIRD FISH WERE SHARK-SUCKERS — CREATURES WITH SUCTION DISCS ON THEIR HEADS — WHO TRAVELLED LONG DISTANCES BY ATTACHING THEMSELVES TO LARGER FISH...

FLUGGA

PLUGGA

GLOOP!

ONLY THE CHINLESS ONES CAN HELP ME CARRY MEDICINES OUT TO RIG! ALREADY THEY LINE UP AT MY COMMAND..!

GENTLY, HE LOWERED THE FIRST BOX...

SIX OF THEM CAN BEAR WEIGHT... CARTON HELD TIGHT BY SUCTION PADS!

SLUK SLUK SLUK!

TEN MINUTES LATER, THE INCREDIBLE CONVOY WAS HEADING FOR THE OPEN SEA...

THEN, SUDDENLY...

BY THE GREAT ATLANTIC COD, FISHBOY SEES RUBBER-SUITED LAND-MEN! THEY WILL BECOME CURIOUS AND START TO ASK QUESTIONS! I MUST STOP THEM...!

ONCE AGAIN, FISHBOY BURBLED A CALL FOR HELP! AND...

KLUBBOG HUGGLE...SUGGLE!

A-HA! HE COMES! THE FILE-NOSED WINGED ONE!

AT FISHBOY'S COMMAND, THE GIGANTIC SAWFISH FOUGHT A BRILLIANT DELAYING ACTION! AND, AT LAST...

TH-THAT BRUTE'S GONE CRAZY! WE'RE GOING BACK TO THE QUAY — FAST!

AND SO, UNDISTURBED, FISHBOY CONTINUED HIS JOURNEY! UNTIL, TWENTY MILES OFF-SHORE...

AT LAST... THE LAND-MEN'S OIL RIG! CHINLESS ONES CAN HOLD BOXES IN POSITION WHILE I WARN THE MEN OF THEIR ARRIVAL!

SWARMING UP THE LADDER, HE CHEERFULLY APPROACHED A SHIVERING, FEVER-RIDDEN OILMAN...

S-S-STONE THE DINGOES, AM I-I SEEIN' THINGS? WHO THE PURPLE HECK ARE YOU?

ME FISHBOY! HAVE BROUGHT MEDICINES FROM LAND... COME AND I WILL SHOW YOU..!

THE DRILLER STARED DOWN IN GAPING, DUMBFOUNDED AMAZEMENT...

Y-YOU MEAN..? BUT WHAT ...WHERE... HOW..?

STORY WOULD BE DIFFICULT TO EXPLAIN TO ANY AIR-BREATHING LAND-MAN! BUT HURRY AND WINCH BOXES UP... THE CHINLESS ONES ARE GETTING TIRED!

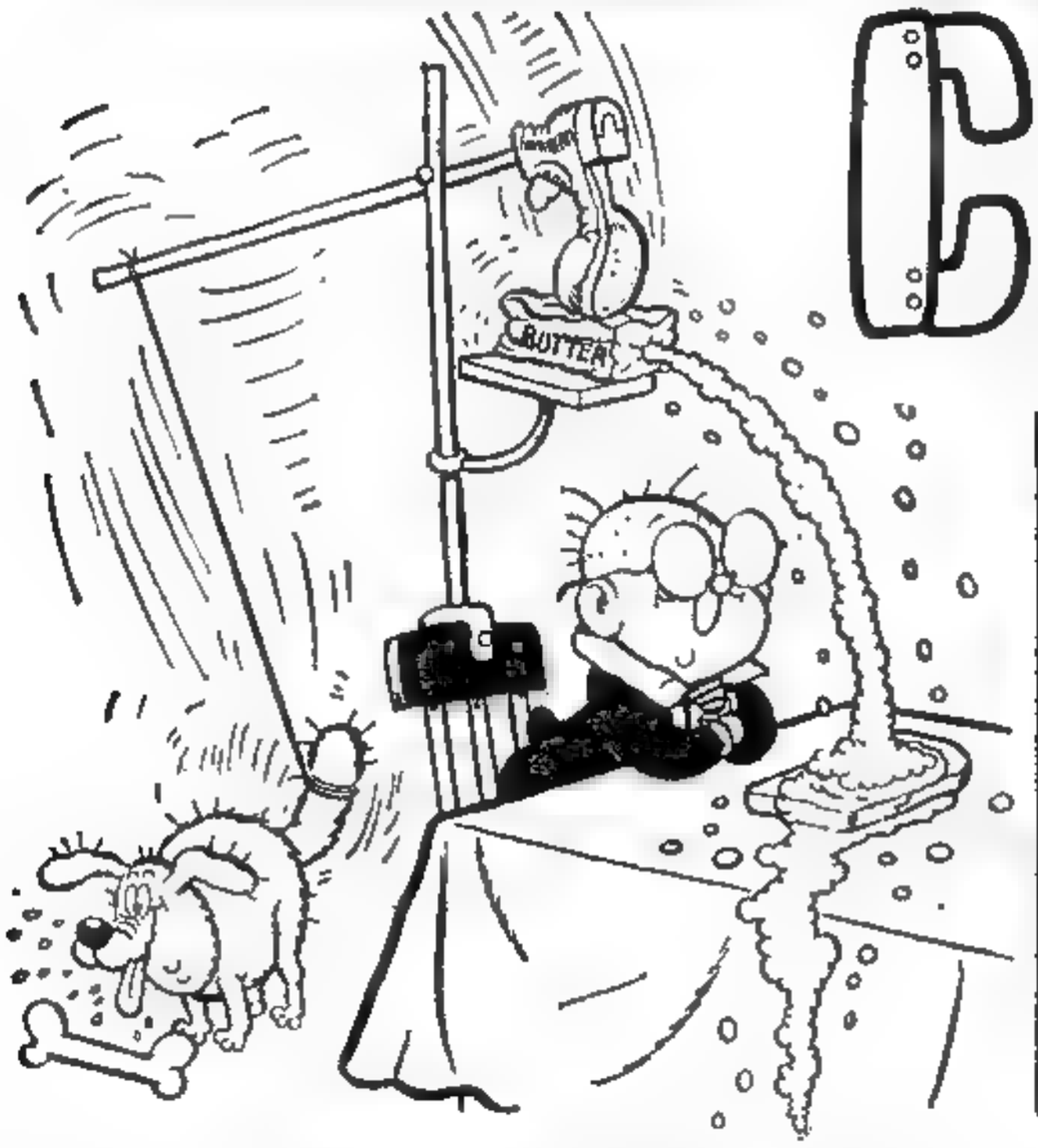
LAUGHING, THE INCREDIBLE SEA-LAD DIVED BACK INTO THE OCEAN! AND, SOON...

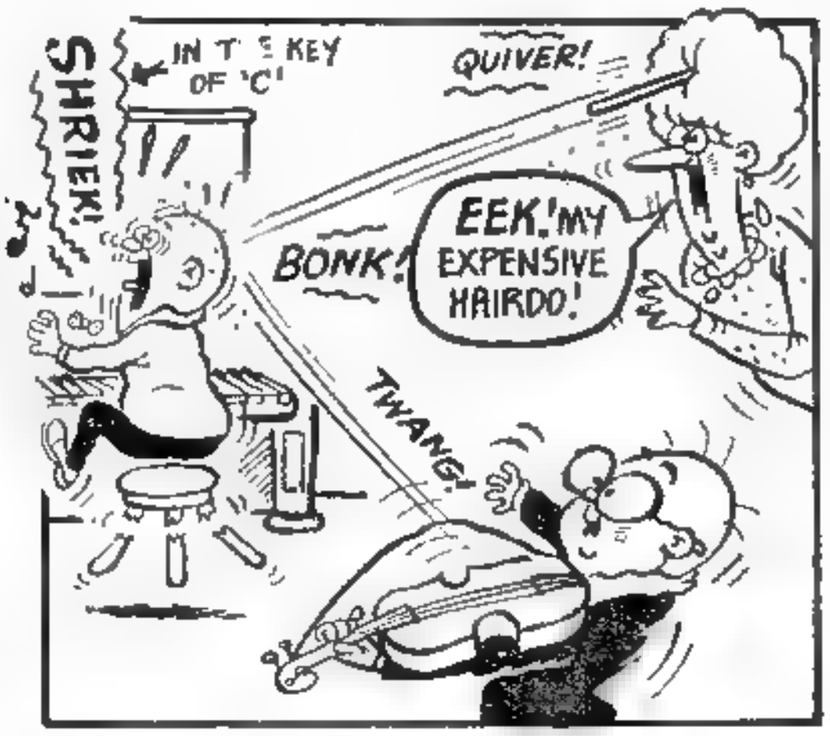
HAH... MUCH FUNNY! LAND-MEN RAISE BOXES UP TO RIG! BUT THEY WILL NEVER, NEVER UNDERSTAND HOW THEY GOT HERE! ONCE AGAIN, FISHBOY IS FREE TO CONTINUE HIS QUEST..!

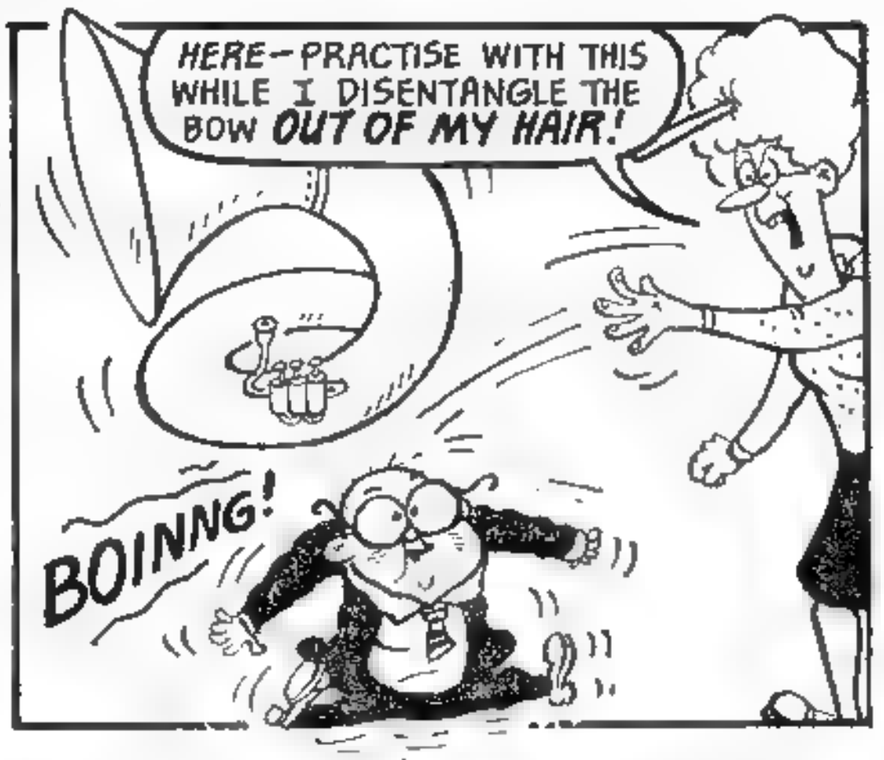
WHAT NEW ADVENTURES AWAIT THE FISH-LAD? SEE NEXT WEEK'S THRILLS!

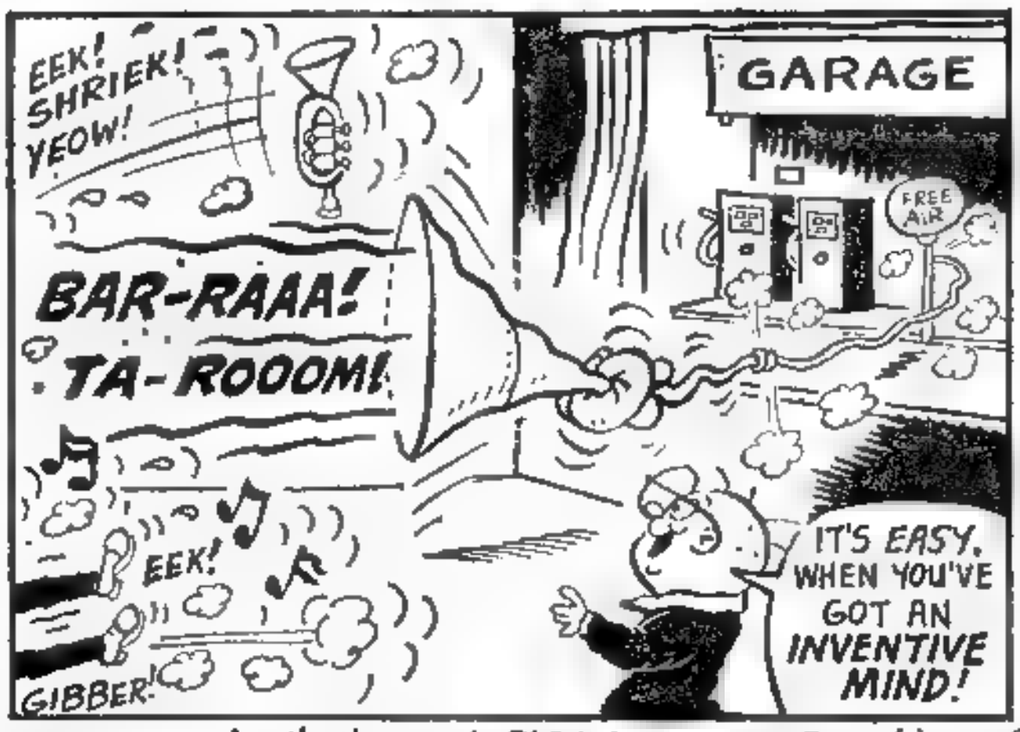
CLEVER DICK'S CONDUCT IS FAR FROM EXEMPLARY WHEN HE TAKES MUSIC LESSONS!

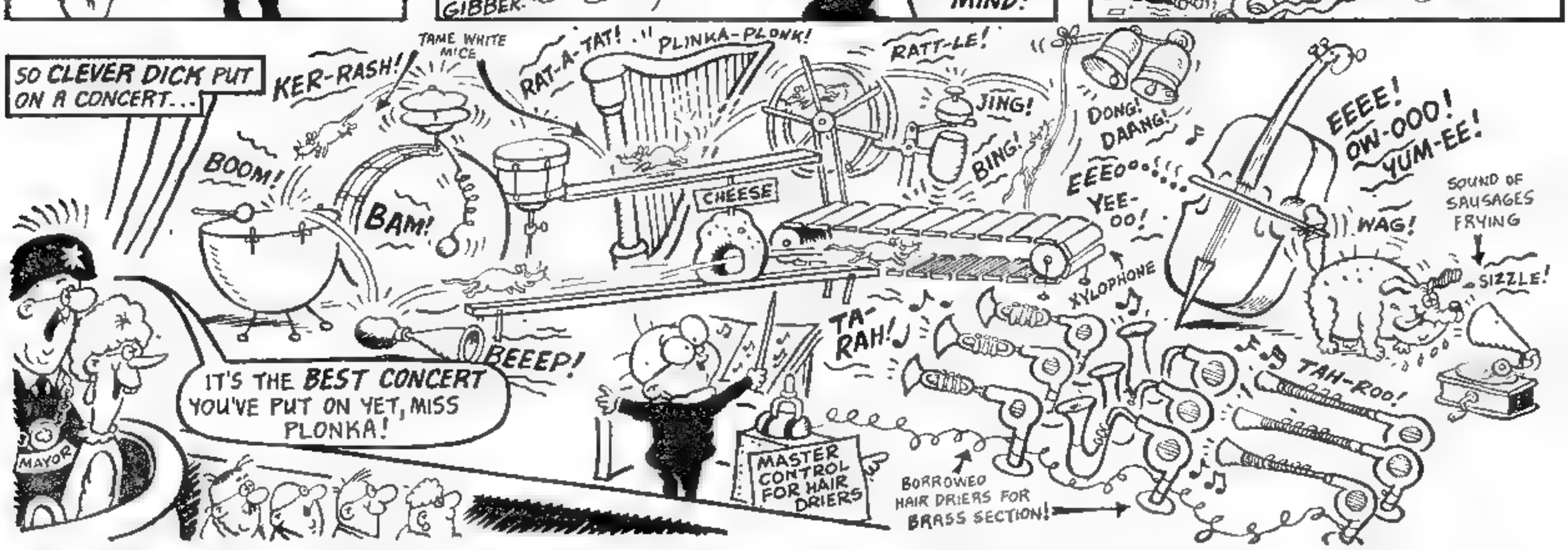
Clever Dick











DICK'S "SOAP-LEASED" WITH NEXT WEEK'S WASHING-UP INVENTION—BET IT'S A GOOD 'UN!

KIT CARTER'S CLARKS COMMANDOS

THIS ADVERTISEMENT IS PRODUCED BY THE MAKERS OF CLARKS COMMANDO SHOES

KIT CARTER AND THE COMMANDOS ARE CAMPING ON AN ISLAND OFF THE NORTH WALES COAST. THEY HEAR STRANGE HOWLING SOUNDS, AND LATER DISCOVER A HUT. AN OLD DIARY MENTIONS A SECRET TUNNEL, AND DURING THE NIGHT, THE COMMANDOS FIND A BLACK DOG...

IT SHOULDN'T TAKE US LONG TO TO GET OVER TO THE LIGHTHOUSE!

D'YOU THINK WE'LL FIND THAT TUNNEL, KIT?

IT'S GOING TO BE A 'FINE HOT DAY'! THAT'S WHAT THE COMMANDO'S HANDBOOK SAYS IT MEANS WHEN THERE ARE DEWDROPS ON COBWEBS!

BUT, AS THEY APPROACHED THE LIGHTHOUSE...

AT LAST, THE LIGHTHOUSE!

BUT THERE'S NO DOOR! HOW DO WE GET IN?

LET'S LOOK ON THE OTHER SIDE! PERHAPS THERE'S AN OPENING THERE!

THERE'S THE PLACE WHERE THE DOOR WAS!

BUT IT'S ALL BRICKED UP!

THAT'S WHAT IT SAID IN THAT OLD DIARY!

DISAPPOINTED, THE COMMANDOS WALKED BACK ACROSS THE ISLAND...

ROTTEN SHAME! I WANTED TO LOOK INSIDE THE LIGHTHOUSE!

HEY, LOOK! REX HAS FOUND SOMETHING!

AND KIT IS GIVING THE COMMANDO SIGNAL FOR 'CLOSE ON ME OVER HERE'!

JIMMY, BILLY AND GEORGE RACED OVER TO KIT...

WHAT IS IT, KIT?

WHAT HAVE YOU FOUND?

I DON'T KNOW, QUITE. IT'S SOMETHING REX HAS FOUND IN THE GRASS!

TACKAHH №73 % ГЄΦАР!

DON'T GO TOO NEAR! IT MIGHT BE DANGEROUS!

I'M NOT GOING TO TOUCH IT, KIT!

GOSH! LOOK AT THOSE FUNNY-LOOKING FOREIGN WORDS

THEN REX DROPPED TO THE GROUND, APPARENTLY LIFELESS!

KIT! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO REX?

IS HE DEAD?

IT MUST HAVE BEEN THAT CANNISTER! KEEP WELL AWAY FROM IT!

HE'S GONE QUITE STIFF! KIT, D'YOU THINK HE'S—HE'S—

I REALLY DON'T KNOW, GEORGE. THANK GOODNESS NONE OF US WERE NEAR THAT THING!

HE WAS SUCH A NICE OLD CHAP!

THAT'S IT, GEORGE! PUT HIM DOWN THERE!

KIT, THERE'S THAT HOWLING SOUND AGAIN! IT'S COMING FROM OVER THERE!

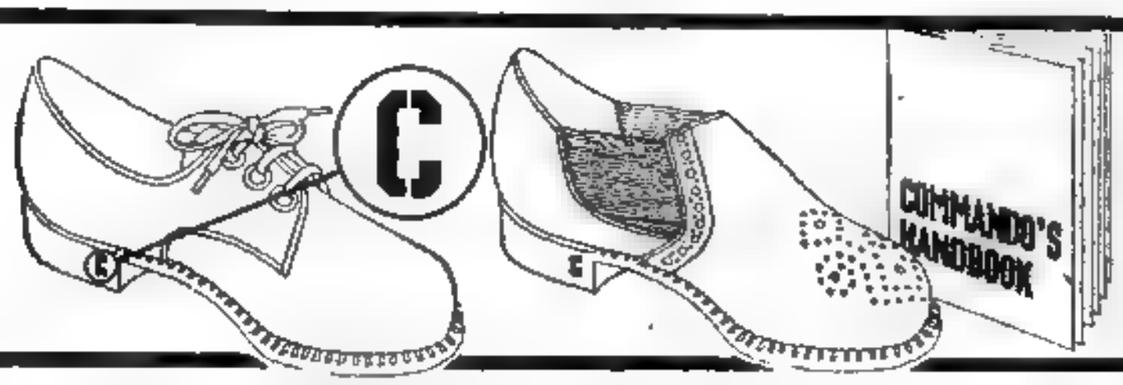
AND IT CAN'T BE REX THIS TIME!

A DETERMINED LOOK CAME OVER KIT'S FACE...

YOU DON'T THINK THE ISLAND REALLY **IS** HAUNTED, DO YOU, KIT?

OF COURSE NOT! THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE GOING ON HERE, AND I MEAN TO FIND OUT JUST WHAT IT IS!

More exciting adventures next week!



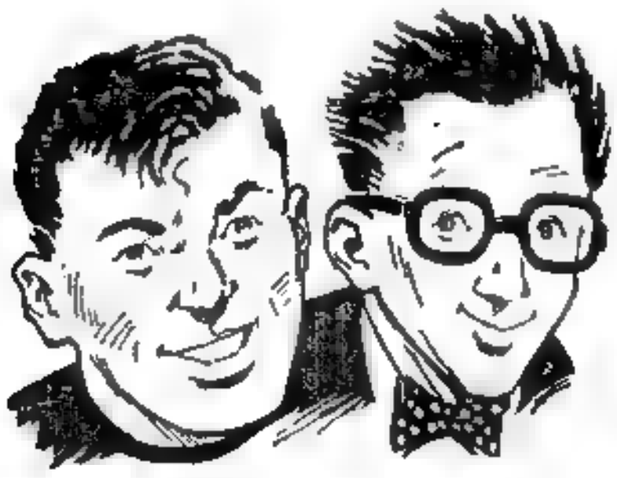
Get a Commando's handbook free with every pair of Clarks Commandos.

Learn map-reading the Commandos way, their secret sign language, their survival techniques.

Commandos are action shoes for tough assignments. Get them at Clarks shops, sizes 9 to 3.

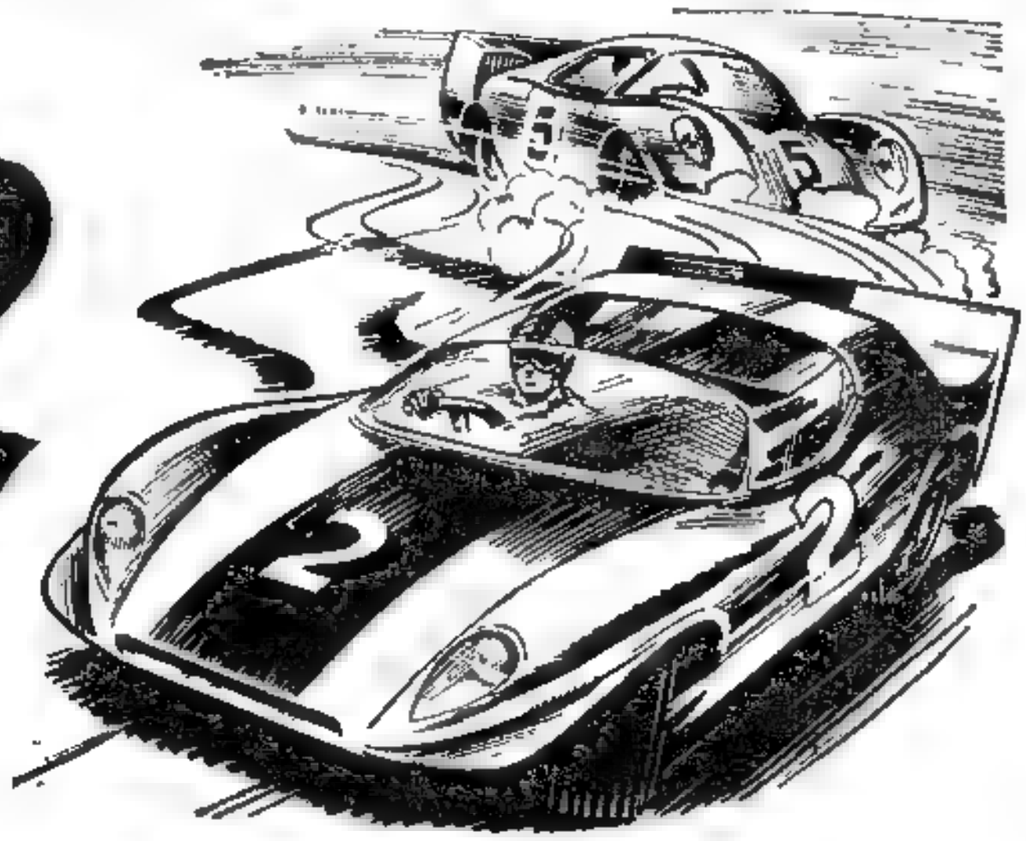
Look for the secret symbol on the heel.

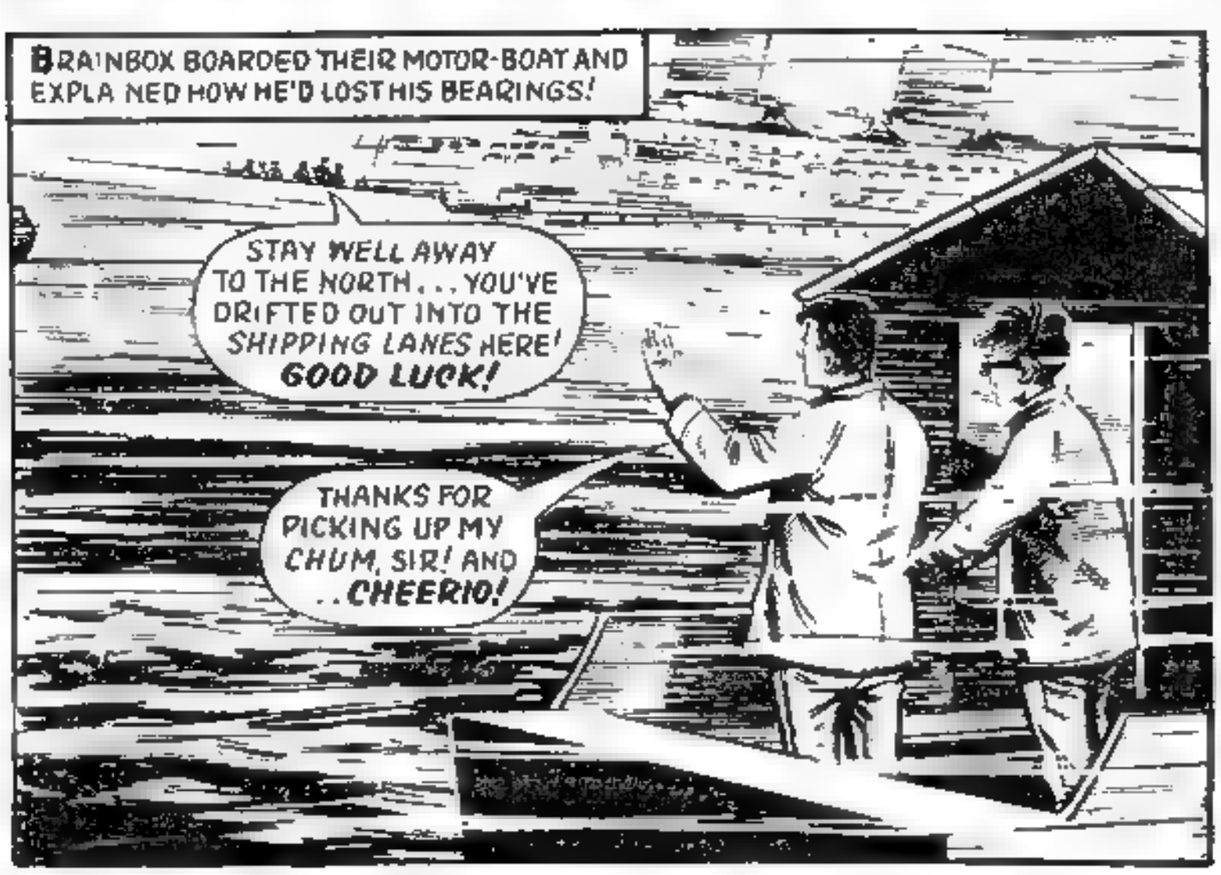
SHOCKED AND BEDRAGGLED, BRAINBOX WAS LIFTED ON BOARD THE LIFEBOAT!



Racing driver Simon Starr and his inventor pal "Brainbox" Cox entered a Round Britain Motor-boat Race. When they anchored one night, near Blackpool, Brainbox got lost in a rubber dinghy when a thick sea-mist descended. Suddenly, disaster struck!

THE SKID KIDS




BRAINBOX BOARDED THEIR MOTOR-BOAT AND EXPLAINED HOW HE'D LOST HIS BEARINGS!
STAY WELL AWAY TO THE NORTH... YOU'VE DRIFTED OUT INTO THE SHIPPING LANES HERE! GOOD LUCK!
THANKS FOR PICKING UP MY CHUM, SIR! AND ..CHEERIO!

THE SKID KIDS MOVED AWAY TO SAFETY AND ANCHORED AGAIN . . .
GOSH, WHAT A NIGHT! AND IT'LL SOON BE DAWN! WE'D BETTER GET SOME SLEEP WHILE WE CAN..!
WE WON'T GET MORE THAN AN HOUR OR TWO BEFORE THE RACE STARTS AGAIN! I'D BETTER SET THE ALARM CLOCK..!

THE MIST CLEARED WITH DAYLIGHT —AND, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK . . .

LOOKS LIKE BEING A CALM DAY . . . WE SHOULD MAKE GOOD TIME!

EVERYONE WILL GO AS FAST AS THEY CAN TODAY . . . TRYING TO ESTABLISH A LEAD . . !

AS THE ROAR OF THE ENGINES DIED AWAY . . .

ZZZZZZ!

THE SKID KIDS, TIRED OUT, SLEPT ON— UNTIL . . .

SIMON! THE CLOCK WENT OFF AND WE DIDN'T HEAR IT! IT . . IT'S NEARLY MID-DAY! WE'VE OVER-SLEPT!

MID-DAY! OH, CRUMBS . . . THE OTHERS STARTED HOURS AGO!

THEY GOT CRACKING . . .

GET THOSE OLD CHARTS OUT, BRAINBOX . . . WE'RE GOING TO TAKE EVERY SHORT CUT THERE IS!

OKAY! HERE'S YOUR BREAKFAST! BREAD-AND-BUTTER SANDWICH! NO TIME FOR ANYTHING ELSE!

WATERKID

BY EARLY AFTERNOON . . .

IS THAT LIGHTHOUSE MARKED ON THE CHART, BRAINBOX? DO WE PASS IT ON THE LEFT . . OR THE RIGHT?

43

HANG ON A BIT! I CAN'T FIND IT MARKED AT ALL . . !

HECK — JUST OUR LUCK! THE CHART SHOWING THIS AREA IS MISSING!

WE'LL JUST HAVE TO TAKE A CHANCE THEN! WE'LL GO THE SHORTEST WAY!

HOLD TIGHT! I - I DON'T THINK I CAN MISS 'EM!

WATERKID

OH, NO! WE'VE CHOSEN THE WRONG SIDE! LOOK AT THOSE ROCKS!

AND SIMON WAS RIGHT!

OH, DEAR THAT SOUNDS EXPENSIVE!

SOUNDS DANGEROUS, TOO! I THINK WE'VE HAD IT!

WATERKID

CRRUUUNNCCH

SALVAGE AS MUCH AS YOU CAN FROM THE CABIN, BRAINBOX, WHILE I INFLATE OUR RUBBER DINGHY! WE'LL HAVE TO ABANDON SHIP SHE'S SINKING FAST!

43

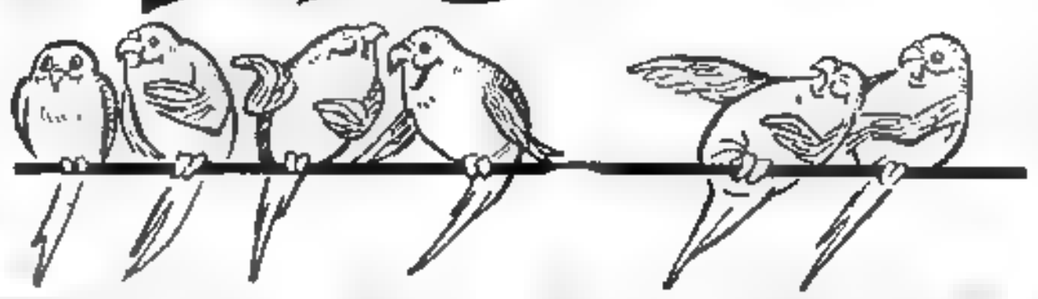
RUBBER DINGHY?

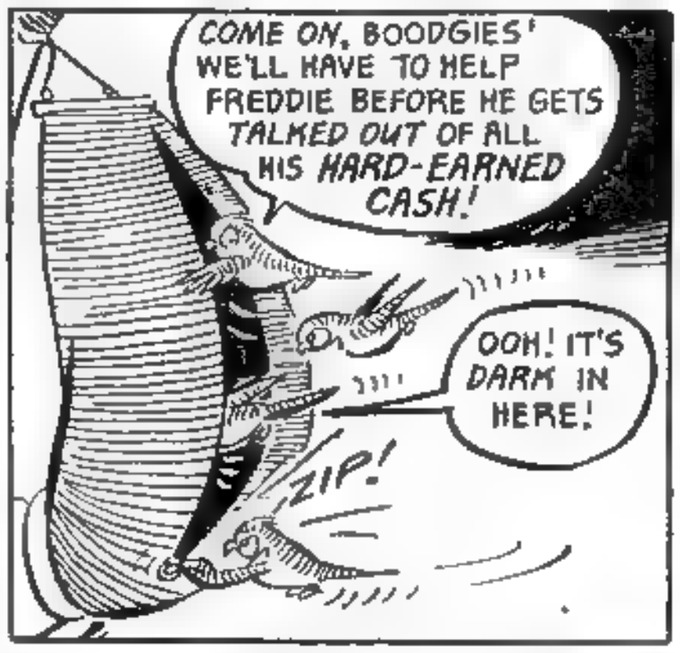
YOU . . . YOU CAN'T USE THE RUBBER DINGHY, SIMON . . . WE HAVEN'T GOT ONE! WE LOST IT LAST NIGHT WHEN THAT LINER RAN INTO ME!

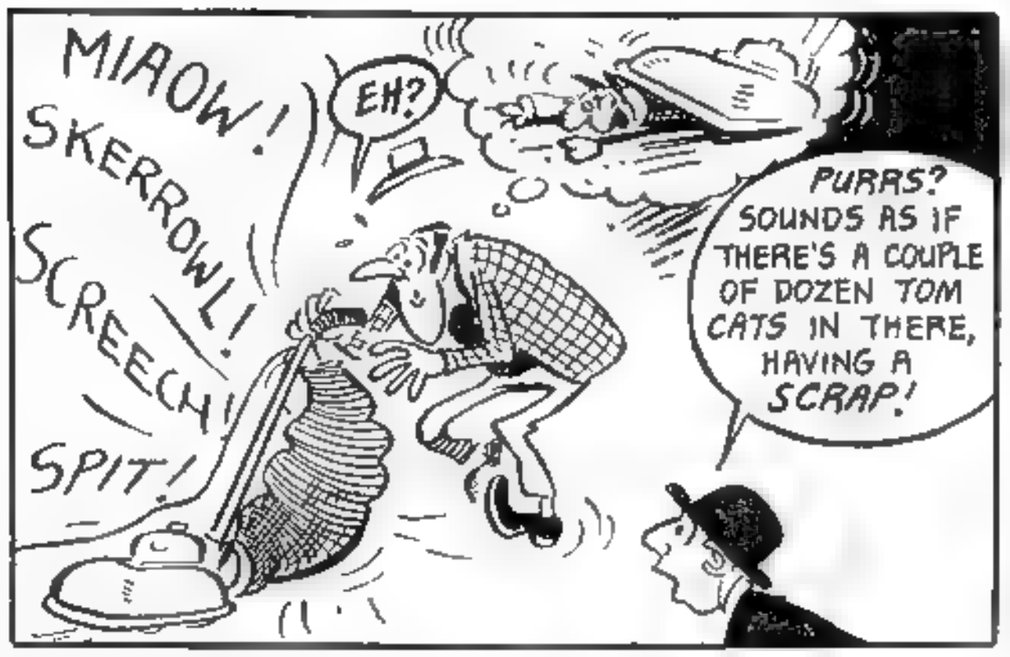
A DANGEROUS SITUATION! LOOKS LIKE THE PALS WILL HAVE TO SWIM FOR IT—READ ON, NEXT WEEK!

THE BOODGIES GIVE A CRAFTY VACUUM CLEANER SALESMAN GOOD CAUSE TO REGRET HIS SWEEPING STATEMENTS!

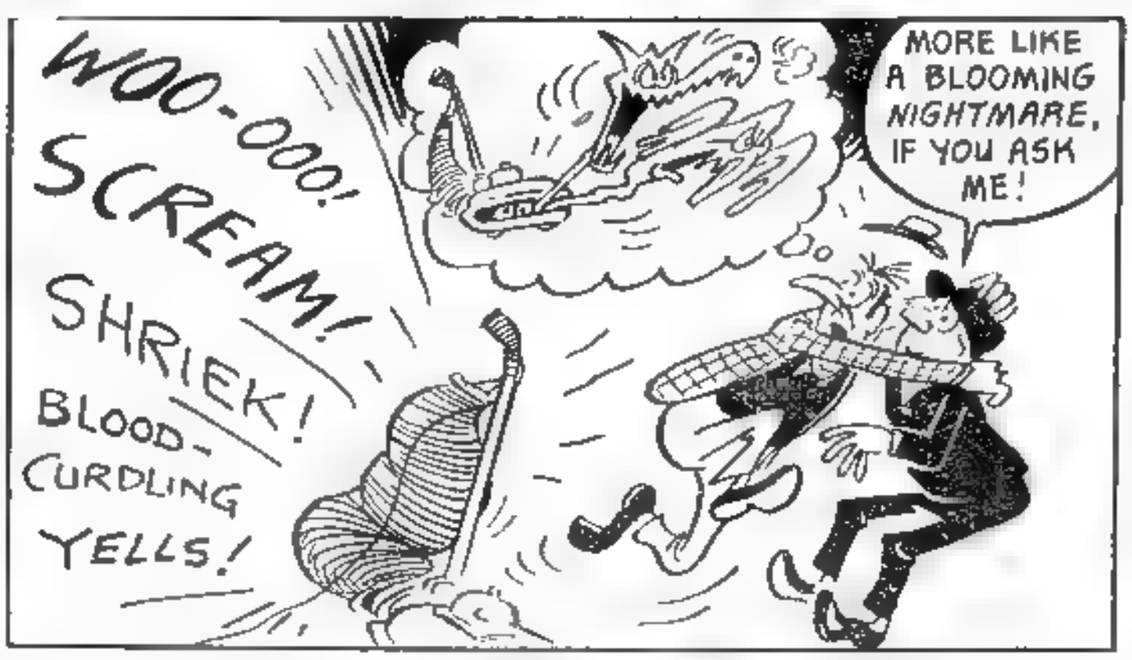
FREDDIE 'Parrot-Face' DAVIES

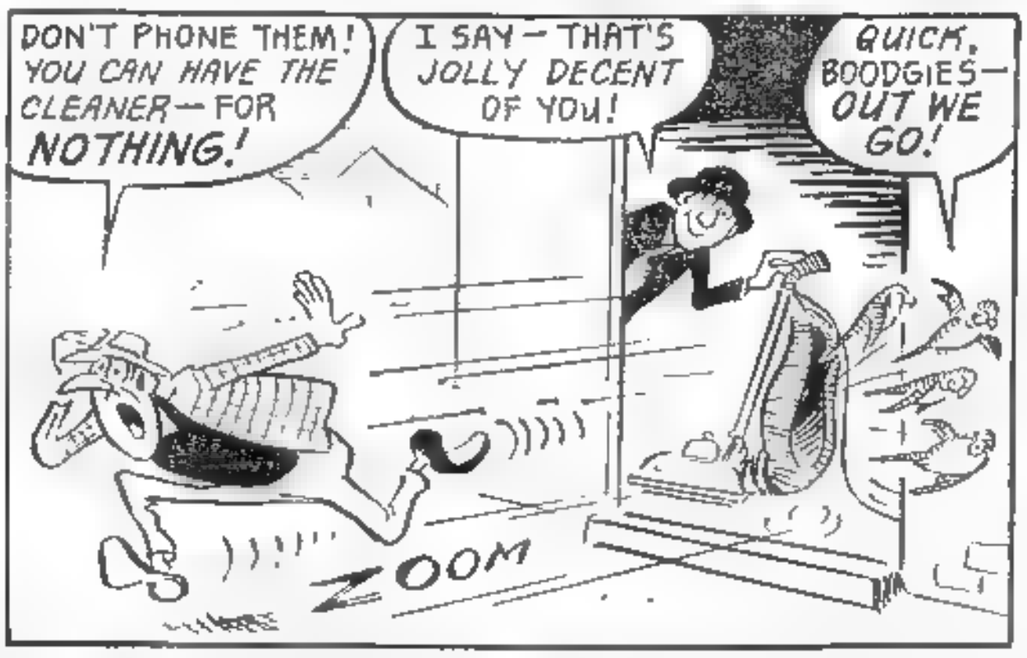






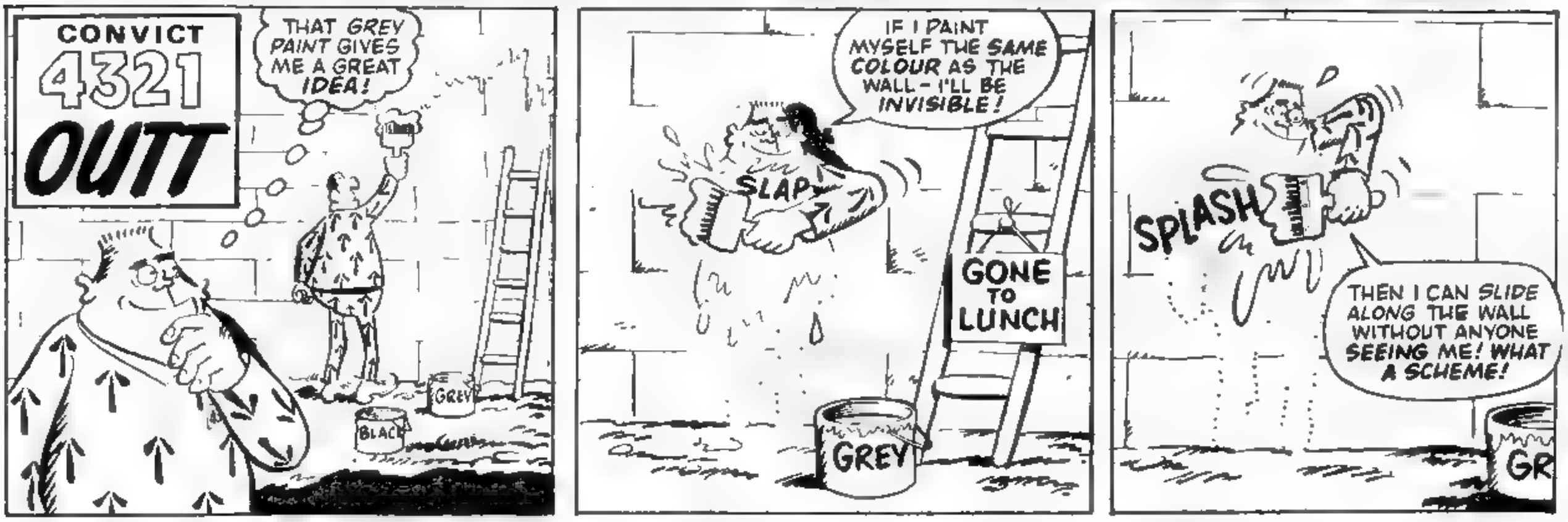
ER... WE'LL IGNORE THAT, SIR! ANOTHER FINE FEATURE OF THIS MODEL IS THAT IT BEATS OUT THE DUST FROM THE CARPET!
H'MM, THAT SOUNDS GOOD!





JOIN FREDDIE AND HIS FEATHERED FRIENDS AGAIN NEXT MONDAY, MATES!

YOU JUST CAN'T MAKE OUR LOOPY LAG OUT—ESPECIALLY WHEN HE CAMOUFLAGES HIMSELF!


CONVICT 4321 OUTT
THAT GREY PAINT GIVES ME A GREAT IDEA!
GREY
BLACK
IF I PAINT MYSELF THE SAME COLOUR AS THE WALL - I'LL BE INVISIBLE!
SLAP
GONE TO LUNCH
GREY
SPLASH
THEN I CAN SLIDE ALONG THE WALL WITHOUT ANYONE SEEING ME! WHAT A SCHEME!
GR
RIGHT, FRED - SHALL WE PLAY CRICKET FOR A WHILE?
HERE WE GO! OH, DEAR - HERE COME THE WARDERS! I'LL HAVE TO STAND STILL!
I'LL JUST PAINT THE WICKET ON THE WALL!
CRUMBS!
AAGH!
THUD!
WHOOOSH!
YOU'RE OUT!
HEH, HEH! SO WAS OUTT! WELL ... NEARLY!

There's a dangerous animal in every bar

Buy a 6d. bar of Cadbury's and let loose a dangerous animal. Bats that drink blood; giant squids; killer spiders—they're all here.

You get a colour card free with every 6d. bar of Cadbury's Dairy Milk.

Collect all 48 and learn about the really dangerous animals you should steer clear of.

SUPER SNIPS FROM ALL CORNERS OF THE WORLD !

Hey-how ABOUT that!

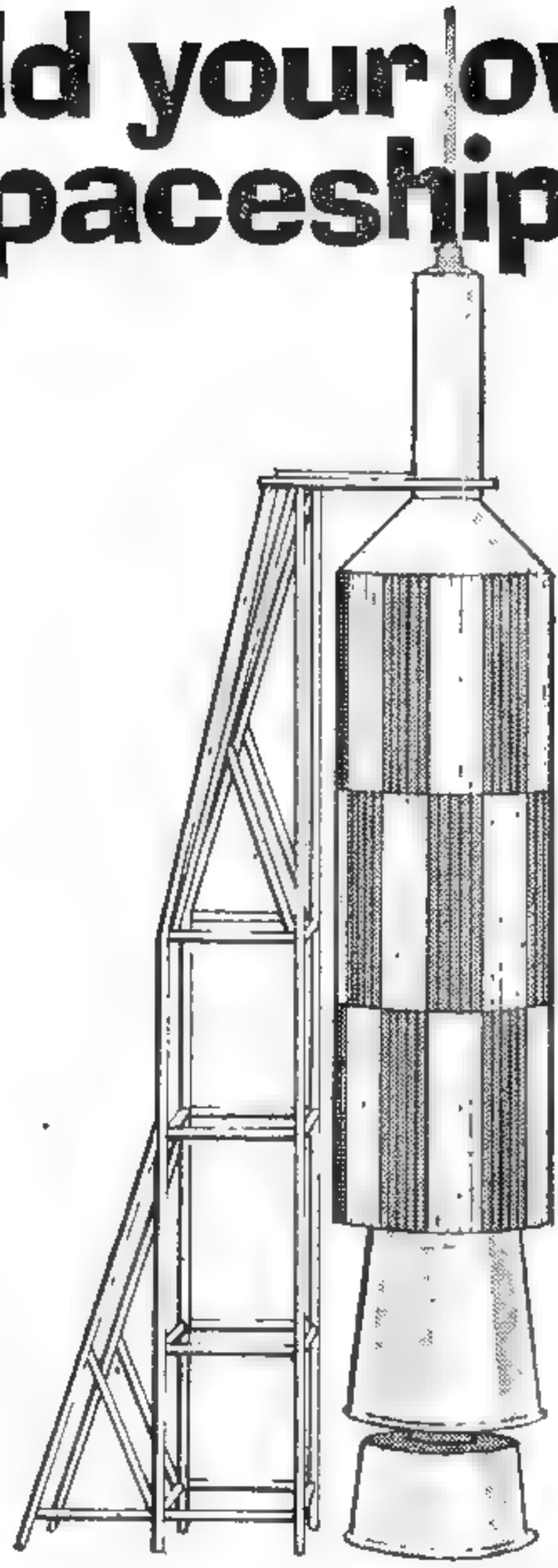
CHARLES II RODE HIS OWN RACE HORSES AT NEWMARKET IN 1671. THE EXISTING ROWLEY MILE COURSE IS NAMED AFTER HIM FOR HIS NICKNAME WAS 'OLD ROWLEY'!

A PRISONER IN A UNITED STATES JAIL WROTE A LETTER TO FATHER CHRISTMAS ASKING FOR A CUTTING TORCH, A LONG LENGTH OF ROPE AND A PAIR OF PLIMSOLLS! NEEDLESS TO SAY, SANTA DIDN'T GRANT HIS REQUEST!

THE PONY EXPRESS RIDERS OF AMERICA'S OLD WEST RODE SO SWIFTLY THAT THE PAIUTE INDIANS BELIEVED THEIR MAIL POUCHES CONTAINED MAGIC WHICH ENABLED THEIR HORSES TO TRAVEL FAST. THEY WERE VERY DISAPPOINTED WHEN THEY CAPTURED A RIDER AND DISCOVERED THE POUCHES CONTAINED NOTHING MORE THAN LETTERS!

IT TAKES OUTSTANDING COURAGE TO CLIMB OUT ON TO THE BLAZING WING OF A DAMAGED WELLINGTON BOMBER FLYING AT 90 M.P.H. IN PITCH DARKNESS. BUT THAT'S WHAT SERGEANT JAMES ALLEN WARD OF THE R.A.F. DID IN THE LAST WAR TO STOP THE FIRE SPREADING TO THE FUSELAGE. HE WAS AWARDED THE VICTORIA CROSS FOR HIS BRAVERY!

Build your own spaceship



Or your own submarine, or a viking ship, or any of dozens of other exciting things. It's easy with Spear's Project Cards. Each set of cards gives you simple, step-by-step details on how to make from 10 to 15 toys or other useful things.

And virtually all you need are corks, cardboard, bits of cloth, empty squeeze bottles, etc. The sort of items you can easily find around the house.

There are twelve great sets to choose from. Only 5/- each.

Ask your toyshop to show you Spear's Project Cards; if they haven't any, write to us and we shall tell you where you can find them.

Department BV
J. W. Spear & Sons Limited,
Green Street, Enfield, Middlesex.

SPEAR'S GAMES

BOB'S HARD-WORKING STINT AT CHOPPING WOOD IS REALLY AXED THIS WEEK!

BOB-A-JOB

WOULD YOU CHOP SOME WOOD FOR ME, PLEASE?
CERTAINLY, MA'AM!
CHOPPING WOOD CAN BE FUN— BUT YOU MUST BE VERY CAREFUL!
THIS IS EASY! ONE GOOD HARD CHOP, AND
HELLO? WHERE DID THAT PIECE OF WOOD GO?
WOOOOSH!
WHEEEEE!
THUD!
PAIN
HMMPH! I THOUGHT SO.. HE'S FALLEN ASLEEP!
ZZZZZ

ZOOM INTO SPACE with the 'TOOMORROWS' ON A FANTASTIC TRIP TO THE MUSIC OF TOMORROW

TOMORROW IN TOOMORROW

Super glossy colour posters of Karl, Vic, Benny and Olivia are available at 7|6d each or 10|- for the group from "Posters of Toomorrow" 3, New Plaistow Road London, E15 3JA

THE RANK ORGANISATION Presents "TOOMORROW" AND "TOOMORROW"

Produced by HARRY SALTZMAN & DON KIRSHNER

Written & Directed by VAL GUEST Music Composed & Conducted by HUGO MONTENEGRO

COLOUR BY TECHNICOLOR® FILMED IN PANAVISION®

LOOK OUT FOR THIS FAB FILM COMING TO YOUR CINEMA SOON!

THE HARD-UP CROOK DECIDED TO HAVE A STAB AT MAKING SOME CASH OUT OF FENCING!

The ASTOUNDING ADVENTURES of Charlie Peace

In the old Victorian days, the most famous crook of the period was lured into a time-machine and transported to modern London. That renowned rogue was Charlie Peace—and now, in his new life, he was still trying to make a dishonest living . . .

ONE DAY...

YES, OLD LAD, I'M A FENCING INSTRUCTOR NOW! I TEACH ALL THE RICH KIDS IN THE DISTRICT! THAT'S MY SCHOOL, OVER THERE!

!

CHARLIE STROLLED ACROSS TO THE "SCHOOL"...

FENCING ACADEMY

LET US TEACH YOUR BOYS THE NOBLE ART OF FENCING, THE FASHIONABLE SPORT OF THE MODERN COLLEGES!

HUH! SO THIS IS WHERE THE RICH KIDS 'AND OVER THEIR FEES, IS IT?

IT MADE THE ARCH-ROGUE PONDER...

YES, IT'S A PAYIN' RACKET... BUT 'OW CAN I GET INTO IT? THE ONLY FENCE I KNEW WAS A GEEZER WHO TOOK MY STOLEN LOOT, BACK IN THE OLD DAYS!

THEN...

MAN REQUIRED TO LEARN FENCING
GOOD PAY
APPLY AT THE FOREMAN'S SHED →

WELL! WHAT D'YA KNOW? ME LUCK'S IN! I CAN SOON LEARN ALL ABOUT THIS FENCING LARK, DRAW ME PAY, AND THEN START UP ME OWN SCHOOL FER RICH KIDS!

BUT...

YES, I'M THE FOREMAN, BUT YOU DON'T LOOK AS IF YOU'RE FOND OF HARD WORK!

EH? WOT'S 'ARD ABOUT WAGGLIN' A LITTLE BIT O' STEEL ABOUT?

STEEL? OUR FENCING'S WOOD, MATE—CHESTNUT PALING ON WIRE! SO GET STARTED, IF YOU WANT THE JOB! YOU CAN DRIVE THE POSTS IN WITH THIS MALLET! HERE—TAKE IT!

KER! WHAT'VE I LET MESELF IN FOR?

CHARLIE HAD NO CHANCE TO SLIP AWAY...

STICK IT, OLD 'UN! WE'RE SHORT-HANDED, AND THE JOB'S BEHIND SCHEDULE! IF YOU GET TIRED, REMEMBER IT'S PAY-DAY TOMORROW! THAT OUGHT TO KEEP YOU GOING!

TCHAH! I THOUGHT I'D GET PAID-OFF TODAY! I'LL NEVER LAST OUT! THIS POST-DRIVING IS DRIVING ME UP THE WALL!

CHARLIE CERTAINLY MADE SURE OF SECURING A SAFE GETAWAY!

NEAR THE END OF THE WORKING DAY...

AH! COME IN, MEN!

THERE ARE THE SECURITY MEN ARRIVING WITH OUR PAY FOR TOMORROW, TED!

YES...ALF! THE BOSS KEEPS IT OVERNIGHT IN HIS SAFE ON THE FIRST FLOOR! I WISH I COULD 'AVE MINE NOW...I'M FLAT BROKE!

SOON, THE BOSS LOCKED UP HIS OFFICE, AND THE FOREMAN APPEARED FROM HIS SHED...

THAT'S IT FOR TODAY, LADS! I'M OFF HOME! SEE YOU ALL TOMORROW!

I'LL STICK AROUND, THANKS, CHUM... I'VE FOUND A BETTER USE FOR THIS FENCING!

ALL WAS NOW QUIET! THE MASTER CROOK FORCED THE DOOR OF THE OFFICE BUILDING, AND CREPT UP TO THE BOSS'S FIRST-FLOOR ROOM...

NOW TO HOOK THE END 'O THAT LENGTH OF FENCING! SOON 'AVE IT UP 'ERE!

PREVIOUSLY, CHARLIE HAD JAMMED ONE END OF THE FENCING OVER THE SPIKES ON THE BACK WALL — AND NOW...

LUVLY! A NICE STRONG CHUTE TO ROLL THE SAFE DOWN! THEN I'LL BORROW A BARROW AND LUG IT BACK TO ME HIDE-OUT, COVERED OVER WITH SACKING! I'LL BE ABLE TO TAKE ME TIME IN GETTING IT OPEN THERE, WITH NOBODY TO DISTURB ME!

THE SAFE WAS JUST BESIDE THE WINDOW, AND CHARLIE GAVE IT A HEFTY PUSH...

COO! IT TIPS OVER QUITE EASILY! OUT THROUGH THE WINDOW IT GOES!

THE PLAN WAS A GREAT SUCCESS — SO FAR!

PERFECT! IT'S ROLLIN' WITHOUT ANY NOISE AT ALL! IT WOULD'VE MADE A PROPER CLANG IF I'D DROPPED IT STRAIGHT DOWN!

THEN, SUDDENLY...

YOW! 'ERE COMES A COPPER!

THE ROGUE'S PLAN DEVELOPED INTO A PROPER "CLANGER"!

CLANG!

HAARRGH!

CONTINUED OVERLEAF...

FROM ABOVE, THE PUZZLED ROGUE WATCHED IN AMAZEMENT...

'ALLO! WHAT'S THIS, THEN? SOMETHING FUNNY GOING ON — I'D BETTER INVESTIGATE!

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT? THAT SAFE COSHED HIM FAIR AN' SQUARE, AND HE'S STILL ON HIS FEET! HE MUST BE A FLAMIN' SUPERMAN!

A BELLOW SOUNDED BEHIND CHARLIE! THE BOSS HAD RETURNED UNEXPECTEDLY...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, FELLOW?

OOER! HE'LL SOON SPOT THAT HIS SAFE IS MISSING! I'D BETTER FOLLOW AFTER IT, SMARTISH!

STOP! WHERE'S MY SAFE WITH THE PAYROLL IN IT?

DOWN BELOW, MATEY! YOU'LL GET IT BACK, NOW THAT COPPER'S MUCKED UP ME PLANS — BUT YOU AREN'T GETTING ME!

THE OFFICER SAW CHARLIE DESCENDING, BUT BY NOW THE FLEEING CROOK WAS DESPERATE!

SMACK!

STAND ASIDE, FELLER! YOU CAME ALONG AT THE WRONG MOMENT... SO YOU CAN 'AVE THAT PER LUCK!

URRGG!

AS CHARLIE DARTED INTO A NEARBY ALLEY...

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT... HE STOOD UP UNDER THE WEIGHT O' THAT SAFE, YET MY PLAYFUL PAT 'AS FLOORED HIM!

GNNGGG!

THE REASON SOON BECAME PAINFULLY CLEAR!

THAT'S ONLY A DUMMY SAFE, MADE OF TIN, OFFICER! MY REAL ONE'S BUILT INTO THE WALL! SO THE SCOUNDREL WASTED HIS TIME, YOU SEE!

GOOD! BUT I'M STILL GOING TO GET HIM FOR HITTING ME!

THE FURIOUS CROOK DIDN'T NOTICE THREE SMALL URCHINS COMING ALONG THE ALLEY BEHIND HIM...

YO, HO, HO! WE'RE THE THREE MUSKETEERS!

HEY! WHAT'S THAT OLD GEEZER CROUCHING THERE FOR?

"GOIN' TO GET ME", IS HE? HE WON'T THINK OF LOOKING IN THIS ALLEY, SO LONG AS I KEEP REAL QUIET!

BUT CHARLIE DIDN'T KEEP QUIET!

HAVE AT THEE, VARLET! I CHALLENGE YOU TO YE FENCING DUEL!

YEEE-AARGH!

OHO! THERE HE IS!

PROD!

THE ASTOUNDING CROOK'S TURN OF SPEED LEFT THE OFFICER AND THE "THREE MUSKETEERS" FAR BEHIND!

YO! HO! HO! FASTER! FASTER!

FASTER'S RIGHT, YOU LITTLE PERISHERS! IT AIN'T ONLY RICH KIDS WHO GO IN FOR FENCING, IT SEEMS! ALL ME CLEVER SCHEMING'S FER NOTHIN', AND I AIN'T SAFE YET! I RECKON IT'S ME THAT'S THE DUMMY THIS TIME! WOT A LIFE!

THE ARCH-ROGUE TAKES CARE OF A CARETAKER, NEXT MONDAY!

(Continued from front page . . .)

WHAT WAS ALL *THAT* ABOUT?

SOME TWIT TALKING A LOAD OF RUBBISH ABOUT A *PARCEL*, AND THEN HE LEFT ME WITH A LOAD OF THE SAME!

HAVE YOU GOT ANY OLD *JUMBLE* FOR OUR *JUMBLE* SALE, MISTER?

THERE'S SOME OLD BOOTS AND THINGS IN THAT *DUSTBIN*, OVER THERE!

THIS SHOULDN'T BE HERE! IT'S ADDRESSED TO *MEXICO CITY, MEXICO!*

WE'LL DO A *GOOD DEED!* WE'LL TAKE IT TO THE AIRPORT AND SEND IT BY ***AIR MAIL!***

DETECTIVE WEE

IT'S *HIGH TIME* I WOKE UP TO WHAT'S GOING ON, OR MAYBE THEY'LL GO *TOO FAR!*

KHM

I'VE NO IDEA WHERE I AM, BUT I'M GETTING *OUT* OF HERE!

ZOCK!

LOOK, AMIGOS! SOMEBODY HAS DROPPED THEIR HAT! NOW WE HAVE A *SOMBRERO*, WE CAN DO ZE ***MEXICAN HAT DANCE!***

I CAN HEAR *STAMPING FEET!* I MUST BE AT THE FOOTBALL GROUND! IT'S TIME I *POPPED UP!*

OLÉ! OLÉ!

OOO! OUCH! ME HAND!

THEN BUSTER WOKE UP...

SORRY, SONNY! DID I STAMP ON YOUR *FINGERS?*

BUSTER'S MADE TO LOOK A PROPER ASS WHEN HE DREAMS ABOUT CROMPTON'S SPINNING MULE NEXT WEEK !

Published every Monday by IPC Magazines Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, EC4A 4AD. BUSTER must not be sold at more than the recommended selling price shown on the cover. Printed in England by Fleetway Printers. Sole Agents: Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; Rhodesia and Zambia, Kingstons, Ltd. Subscription rates: £3.0.0 for 12 months, £1.10.0 for 6 months. All rights reserved and reproduction without permission strictly forbidden.
—Saturday, 12th September, 1970.

SG

WORLD BEATERS

The fantastic world-beating HAWKER HARRIER JUMP JET with swivelling jet exhausts

Another great plane joins the ever-growing Dinky Air Armada.

The Hawker Harrier has

- ★ Fully retractable undercarriage, linked to swivelling jet exhausts, operated by sliding button.
- ★ Retractable wing tip stabilising wheels.
- ★ Moulded cockpit canopy and nose cone.

FROM DINKY®

719 Spitfire Mk II

721 Junkers JU 87B (Stuka

715 Beechcraft C55 Baron

710 Beechcraft S35 Bonanza

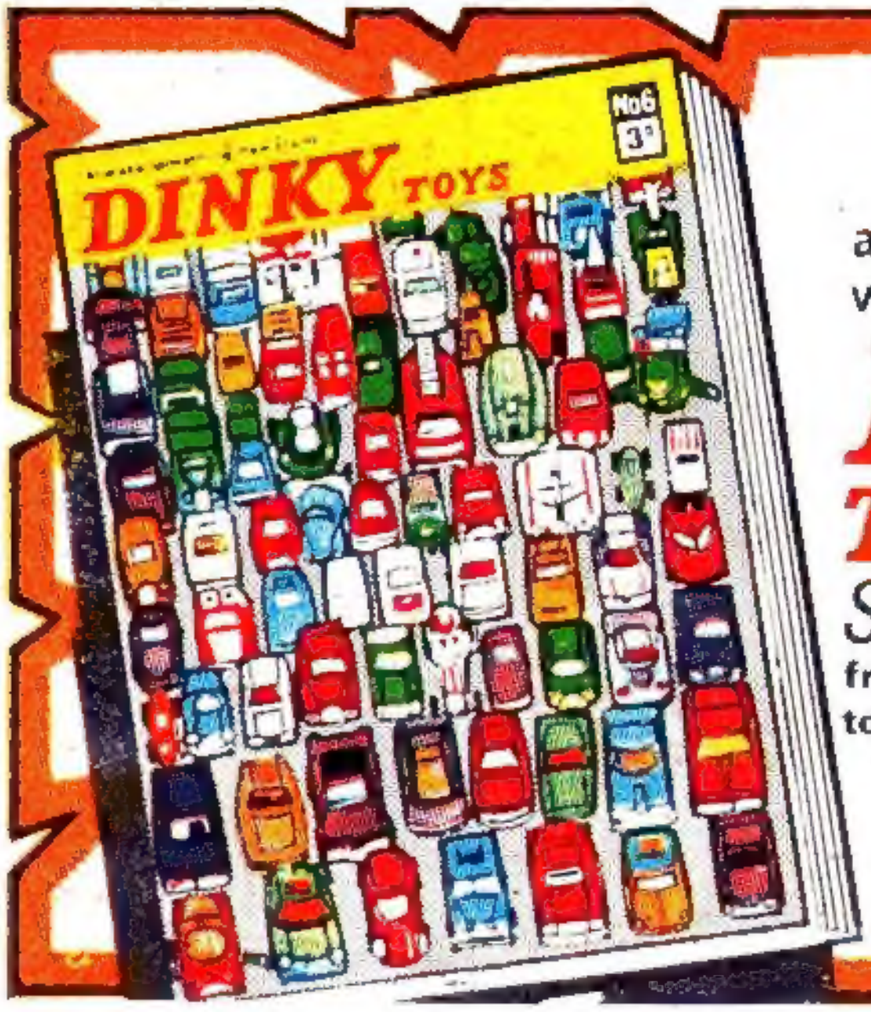
717 Boeing 737

NEW McLAREN M8A CAN AM

Model No. 223

- ★ with opening rear engine cover.
- ★ detailed engine
- ★ 'plated' roll bar.
- ★ extra wide tyres.
- ★ Racing wing mirrors.

WITH SPEEDWHEELS



and another world-beater for value

DINKY TOYS CATALOGUE

STILL ONLY 3D

from your favourite toy shops

leaders go for

DINKY TOYS.

the tough action-packed models